

FAME ^{AND} FORTUNE

STORIES
OF
BOYS

WEEKLY.

WHO MAKE
MONEY.

FACING THE MEXICANS
OR THE SECRET OF THE AZTEC'S GOLD
AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



Down the rope he slid very carefully until he was near the ground. Then a chorus of shouts arose. Glancing down, he saw a crowd of armed Mexicans threatening to impale him on their swords. The boy stopped his descent.

News for the Unseen Audience on pages 24 & 25

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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FACING THE MEXICANS

OR, THE SECRET OF THE AZTEC'S GOLD

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Aztec Vase.

"What an odd-looking vase, Cyril," said Will Adams, a good-looking, well-dressed boy of sixteen, as he held up to the light a curious relic of a past century.

It was made of bronze, profusely carved, and there seemed to be some sort of an engraved inscription on one side in a circular space left plain to receive it.

"Isn't it?" replied Cyril Young, with a smile.

Cyril was a handsome, square-shouldered lad of seventeen, and he and Will were chums. They were standing in front of one of the windows of Cyril's room, on the third-story of a handsome villa residence on Staten Island, overlooking the Narrows and upper New York Bay. A few days before, Mr. Young had sailed for Europe, on a combined business and pleasure trip, and had taken Mrs. Young and their daughter Edith with him, leaving Cyril in charge of Professor Euclid, his private tutor, who was fitting both boys for college.

"Where did you get it, Cyril?" asked Will, turning the antique vase over and over in his hands, but with great care.

"I picked it up in a Third avenue curiosity shop," replied his friend. "It cost me three dollars."

"Looks to me as if you had got a bargain."

"I am not sure of that, though it is true the dealer wanted five for it at first, but finally agreed to let me have it for three, as that was all the funds I had to spare."

"It's worth three dollars as a curiosity. How old do you think it is?"

"You've got me. It might be centuries old, and then, again, it might be quite modern. I'm going to put its age up to Professor Euclid. He's something of an archeologist, you know."

"It's hardly possible, I think, that any valuable specimen of ancient workmanship, such as this appears to be, would be floating around second-hand shops in New York City," said Will, reflectively.

"That's right. I'll bet we'll find it's a bogus specimen, got up by some clever European artist in the metal line to swindle a collector."

"It would look better if it had a good rubbing up."

"I'm going to clean it after I've shown it to the professor."

"That's a curious inscription. It certainly isn't Latin, nor does it resemble Greek."

"Looks to me like a species of hieroglyphics."

"The ancient Egyptians used hieroglyphics to express themselves."

"And so did other old-time nations."

"Also the American Indians, for instance."

"I've seen lots of illustrations of hieroglyphics, but never anything like this," said Cyril. "Let's look the matter up in the encyclopædia."

While they were thus engaged, with the vase prominently displayed before them, there came a knock upon the door. Neither of the boys heard the knock, so interested were they in the subject before them. Presently the door was opened and a little, wizened old man, in a somewhat faded but scrupulously clean brown suit, appeared in the opening. This was Professor Euclid, the private tutor. He walked softly into the room, closing the door behind him, and as he drew near to the boys the vase attracted his sharp eyes. As he reached out his hand to take it up, while a look of surprised interest came into his sedate features, the boys suddenly became aware of his presence.

"Good-morning, professor," said both boys in a breath; but the learned gentleman, for once in his life at least, forgot to respond to the salutation.

"Where did you get this, Master Cyril?" he asked, at length, bending a questioning look upon his eldest pupil.

Cyril told him how it came into his possession.

"Has it any real value, Professor Euclid?" the lad concluded, eagerly.

The professor made no reply, but turned the article over slowly and critically in his fingers.

"I got it so cheap that I'm afraid it's an imitation of some original, or perhaps the creation of a relic manufacturer."

"What do you think it is?" asked the professor, with a keen glance.

"I haven't any idea. To me it looks like an old Roman or Greek vase."

"Nothing of the kind," replied the professor, sharply.

"It's a fake, then?" said Cyril, in a disappointed tone, for, though he had had doubts about its

gentleness, yet he had secretly hoped that he might be mistaken.

"No, Master Cyril," replied Professor Euclid, slowly, "this is no fake."

"No fake, sir?"

"No. It is a genuine Aztec vase, of the time of Montezuma the Second, who was elected king of Mexico in 1502. This vase is, therefore, four centuries old."

"You don't say!" almost gasped Cyril, in surprise, while Will Adams seemed to be equally astonished.

"There is an inscription on it, I see," went on the professor, peering fixedly at the queer characters cut in the metal. "I am very much interested in this, my lad. You will let me take it home with me to-day, as I should like to try and decipher these rude characters?" and the old man looked eagerly into his pupil's face, while he clutched the vase as if loath to give it up.

"Certainly, Professor Euclid. Is that the Aztec language?"

"Not exactly, Master Cyril. It is a specimen of Aztec hieroglyphics, a method these people adopted to record their annals, as well as any information they wished to keep a secret from outside nations.

"Then you have given some study to the Aztec, have you, professor?" asked Cyril.

"I have given many, many years of my life to a patient research of the early Mexican race. It is a passion—a hobby with me," cried the learned man, his eyes lighting up with the fire of an enthusiast. "The history of ancient Mexico exhibits two distinct and widely differing periods, the former of which, that of the Toltecs, appears to have been begun in the seventh and ended with the twelfth century; while the second, that of the Aztecs, began in the year 1200, and may be said to have been closed by the conquest by Cortez in 1519, for its existence as a nation ceased with the Spanish domination."

"It must be an interesting subject, professor," said Will.

"Ah!" ejaculated the private tutor, and there was a world of meaning in that little word. "It has been to me a lifework to penetrate and understand the secrets of those wonderful peoples—the Aztecs particularly. They were highly superstitious, and worshiped quite a number of deities, despite the progress they had made in the arts, as shown by representations of their paintings and their architectural and sculptural monuments."

CHAPTER II.—Struck by Lightning.

Professor Euclid devoted four hours daily—Saturday and Sunday, of course, excepted—to the instruction of Cyril Young and Will Adams—from ten to twelve and from one to three, taking his lunch with the boys in the spacious dining-room of the Young mansion. Promptly at three o'clock the professor took his departure for his home, which was about a mile distant, with the precious vase wrapped up under his arm.

"You made a great find in that vase, after all, Cyril," said Will, as they stood on the veranda and watched the attenuated limbs of their instructor carrying him at a rapid rate up the

road, for the house was situated well on the outskirts of the town.

"It was pure luck. The dealer must have got it pretty cheap himself from somebody who had no idea of its value, and, not being a connoisseur of such things, he affixed his own value to it. He seemed to be glad to get rid of it, from which I judge it must have been some time on his hands."

"It's a great thing to know as much as Professor Euclid," said Will. "But, for all that, he hasn't got wealthy by his knowledge."

"Well, Will, let's take a spin up the road as far as Blankville on our bicycles. What say?"

"I'm willing."

"There's Corney, now. I'll send him for our wheels."

Corney McFaul was the gardener's assistant. He was a good-natured Irish lad, a late arrival from the green isle of Erin, and the boys liked him very much, indeed.

"Hello, Corney!" called Cyril.

"Yis, sor," answered the boy, coming forward and touching his hat respectfully.

"You know where we keep our bicycles, don't you?"

"Thim little things wid two whales apiece is it you mane?"

"Yes."

"Shure I do, sor."

"I wish you'd bring them 'round here. We're going out for a spin."

"For a spin, is it? Faith, it's mesilf will be afther bringin' 'em to yez at wanst, sor."

Corney dropped the handle of the lawn-mower and started for the shed where the boys kept their wheels.

"I never saw a more obliging young fellow than Corney," said Will, watching the Irish lad till he disappeared around the corner of the house.

"He certainly is a treasure in that way," agreed Cyril.

"Where did your father pick him up?"

"At Ellis Island, the day he disembarked from the Celtic."

"He came over on the Celtic, did he? That was an appropriate name," grinned Will.

"He was as green as his native isle when he came over last fall, but he's getting bravely over it by degrees. I was speaking to him the other day about the troubles of his country—I had just been reading a long article in the Post about the future of the Emerald Isle. Finally I asked him what the Irish were coming to."

"And what did he say?" asked Will, curiously.

"'To Ameriky, sor,' he answered, as sober as a judge."

"Ha, ha, ha! That was pretty good," laughed Will.

"That's what I thought."

At this point Corney reappeared, wheeling the two bicycles along in regulation fashion.

"I'll have to get a wheel for you, Corney," said Cyril, "and teach you how to ride it. It's splendid exercise."

"Yis, sor; thank ye, sor; but shure it do be plenty of exercise I find in kaping nate about the place. For what wid lookin' after the garden, and helpin' the cook in the kitchen, and——"

"I know all about that, Corney," laughed Cyril.

"That's work, but riding a wheel is great fun."

"Is that a fact?"

"That's what we find it, eh, Will?"

"Sure thing," replied Adams, mounting his bicycle.

"Now, if you'll open the front gate, Corney," said Cyril, bestriding his own wheel.

"Faith, I will," hastening to do so, whereupon the two boys glided out into the road.

It was about three miles to Blankville, and Cyril and Will were not long in covering that distance. As they started on their return trip they noticed that a thunder-storm was coming up from the direction of New Jersey.

"We'll have to get a move on, or we'll be caught by the storm before we can reach home," said Cyril.

"Oh, we can stop at the professor's if it comes to that," said Will.

"So we can, but I'd rather go straight on to the house."

They started down the road at a lively gait, but the storm came up faster than they thought it would. The wind swooped on the island with a rush, tearing through the trees and churning up eddies of dust in the road in a way most unpleasant for the boys. The declining sun was engulfed by the electrically charged clouds, and the air grew dark and threatening. Then the first big drops of the oncoming rain were blown into their faces, while they were yet a mile from their destination.

"We'll have to stop at Professor Euclid's, after all," said Will, as a brilliant flash of lightning lit up the sky, presently followed by a heavy roll of thunder.

"Well, his house is only a short distance away, up yonder lane. We've got to make record time, or we'll be soaked before we get there."

They made their pedals hum, and flew along through the fast-increasing rain like a pair of winged Mercuries. The outer gate of the professor's place was reached just in the nick of time. Will jumped his wheel and opened the gate for Cyril to pass through, and then followed his chum up to the back porch as fast as he could follow. Hardly were they under the shelter when the rain came down in a perfect flood.

"We just escaped it, chappie," said Will, as Cyril rang the bell, the sound of which was drowned in a terrific peal of thunder, seemingly close at hand.

Mrs. Benson, the professor's housekeeper, came to the door and admitted the boys.

"Dear me! are you wet? Come right into the kitchen and dry yourselves by the fire," she said with warm hospitality. "Then you can go up to the professor. You'll find him in his room."

Cyril and Will stood their wheels against the wall of the entry and availed themselves of the housekeeper's kind invitation. The boys were exceedingly glad they had found shelter as they stood before the bright kitchen fire and listened to the hubbub of the elements outside. The rain beat heavily against the windows, the lightning grew more vivid and the thunder louder and more frequent.

"Rather early in the season for such a heavy storm, don't you think?" remarked Will.

"Yes. It's a corker, all right."

The dampness soon dried out of the boy's

garments, and they decided to seek the professor in his den—a large, square room on the second floor, overlooking the road.

The room was an interesting place for Cyril and Will, who had been there many times, as it was filled with all sorts of unique objects, from the war clubs and javelins of the South Sea Islanders to antique curiosities of every conceivable kind, for the professor was an industrious collector of everything out of the common under the sun that his purse would permit him to secure. The floor was covered with rugs, and a big bookcase, filled to overflowing, took up the whole of one side of the apartment. Cyril knocked twice on the door without receiving an answer; but this was not surprising, as the professor was a trifle deaf, and the storm, now central above the island, made a great racket. Under these circumstances Cyril took the liberty of turning the knob and opening the door. As he did so a tremendous shock swayed the house from roof to basement. The boys were dashed against the corner of the bookcase as if seized and flung there by a giant hand. Every object in the room, including the lean form of Professor Euclid, who was bending over his writing table, in the center of the room, under the glow of a swinging bronze lamp, was for the moment lit up with a dazzling, supernatural sort of glare, the professor himself seeming to be the very center of the electrical display, while the roar of the explosion filled the boys' ears with a stunning violence that cannot be described. The house had been struck by a thunderbolt.

CHAPTER III.—What Happened to the Professor.

It was several moments after the light had faded from the room, leaving everything apparently as it was before, that the boys recovered their faculties and their feet. They heard the clatter of Mrs. Benson's shoes on the stairs, and presently the startled face of the housekeeper appeared at the door.

"Goodness gracious!" she exclaimed, in a quavering voice. "Has the house been struck by lightning?"

"I guess it was," replied Cyril. "Will and I were knocked all of a heap up against the bookcase. Never felt such a shock in my life, did you, Will?"

"I should say not," answered his chum, who was partly dazed yet from the shaking-up he had been subjected to.

Another brilliant flash lit up the room and the landscape outside and another terrific peal of thunder shook the atmosphere. Mrs. Benson screamed and covered her head with her apron. Both boys turned pale and shivered for a moment, for their nerves had been badly upset. The most remarkable feature of it all was that Professor Euclid never stirred or seemed the least bit disturbed by it all. He continued to lean over the table in the same attitude the boys had noticed when they started to enter the room. It was the attitude of one engaged in writing. The bronze Aztec vase was propped up before him, as if it engaged his attention. Several of the

curiosities scattered about the room had been displaced by the shock the house had undergone, among other things an expensive glass jar from the ruins of Pompeii, presented to the professor by an old college friend, and which he prized highly, which lay in a thousand pieces at the base of the mantel. The rain beat down heavier than ever upon the roof and against the windows. It seemed to be coming down in sheets.

"Gee whiz! how it is pouring!" exclaimed Will, when the blue glare of the lightning had died out of the room again.

"I should say it is," replied Cyril. "But I say, old man, has the professor gone stone deaf all at once? He hasn't moved since we entered the room."

Mrs. Benson uncovered her head as the boy spoke and looked toward her master. The lamp above the table, which had been swinging to and fro, now came to a rest, and its soft light shone clear and bright upon the motionless figure beneath. As the three gazed in great wonderment upon the learned little man, who might have been taken for a graven image, for all the sign of life he exhibited, some hing glistening dropped from the ceiling and settled upon the old man's bald head. It was a big drop of water. A second drop followed and settled beside the other, and then came a third and fourth in quick succession. If anything should have disturbed the professor, that ought to have done it. He never made a sign that he felt it. At that moment Mrs. Benson uttered an exclamation and pointed to the ceiling above her master's head. The boys' eyes followed the direction indicated by her finger and saw a small, dark hole that seemed to have been punctured through the white plaster by a hot iron. Moisture was gathering about it and discharging itself in drops upon the professor's head.

"My gracious!" cried Cyril. "What does this mean?"

The housekeeper, struck by a sudden presentiment of evil, rushed up to Professor Euclid and looked into his set face, at the same time laying her hand upon his arm. Then she uttered a scream that brought the boys to her side.

"Merciful heaven!" she exclaimed. "He is dead!"

"Dead!" gasped the two lads in one breath.

Yes. Professor Euclid was, indeed, dead. Killed in the fraction of a second by the bolt of lightning which had entered by the roof, passed through his body and thence through the rug to the boards of the flooring, whence in some unaccountable way it had been deflected to the side of the room, leaving a blazed trail behind it. As they straightened the professor up they observed a blistered patch of skin upon the front of his skull, where the flesh beneath looked discolored. His eyes were wide open, and he looked so life-like that the boys could hardly believe he was really dead. Cyril found it difficult to remove the penholder from his stiffened fingers.

"This is terrible," he said, with some emotion, for he liked his old instructor.

Will Adams said nothing, but he showed that he was greatly upset.

"We'd better lay him out on the sofa," Cyril said to the weeping housekeeper.

"Do as you think best," she sobbed. "Poor old

gentleman! He was a kind and indulgent master!"

"Come, Will, lend a hand," said Cyril.

As they straightened the old man's limbs upon the lounge Will pointed to his left trouser's leg. The lightning had ripped it from the waistband straight down to the top of the gaiter, which was also rent into a shapeless piece of leather.

"He never knew what struck him, Cyril," said Will, with a mournful shake of his head.

"Then he couldn't have suffered anything."

Cyril removed the coverlet from the professor's bed, which stood in the alcove, and covered the body from view.

"We feel very sorry for you, Mrs. Benson," he said to the distressed housekeeper. "If we can be of any assistance in this unforeseen emergency we will gladly do what we can."

"Thank you, young gentlemen. It is very good of you, and I shan't forget it," replied Mrs. Benson. "As soon as the storm is over you had better notify the coroner. And you ought to telegraph Professor Euclid's nephew, Robert Morrison, who lives in Harlem, right away. I will get you his address."

Mrs. Benson rose, dried her eyes and left the chamber of death. The boys went to one of the windows and looked out. The rain was still falling in a lively fashion, but the storm itself had passed off oceanward.

"It is clearing up fast," remarked Will.

"It was short, but mighty fierce while it lasted. Poor old professor! Who would have expected he would have gone off like this?" said Cyril, sadly.

"It seems to be the unexpected that always happens."

"What shall we do now for an instructor?"

Will shook his head gloomily.

"I give it up," he answered. "You will have to cable your father for instructions, as he left you in charge of Professor Euclid."

"We may have to give up our vacation trip to Mexico, where the professor was going to take us."

"Oh, I guess we're old enough to go by ourselves."

"Well, it depends on what my governor says. He has considerable confidence in my ability to look out for myself, so I don't think he will veto any reasonable plans we may form for the summer."

"I should hope not. As to my father, he's perfectly satisfied when I'm in your company; therefore there won't be any kick coming from him."

The boys came to a pause beside the table at which the old professor had been engaged when struck down.

"He was writing something," said Cyril, looking at a thick note-book, in which Professor Euclid, in his crabbed hand, had closely scrawled a great many lines, the last word ending abruptly. There were several open note-books near, the exposed pages of which were inscribed with strange characters, and there was a big printed volume lying close to where the old man's elbow had been, which was opened at a page covered with similar, but enlarged, characters.

"He was translating that inscription on your vase," said Will, pointing at the Aztec relic lying against a small, closed book.

"I believe he was," said Cyril, snatching up the note-book and scanning the professor's penmanship, which was not easy to read.

"What does it say?" asked Will, eagerly.

"You'll have to give me time to decipher his pothooks—they are something weird in their way."

CHAPTER IV.—What Professor Euclid Wrote Before He Died.

Cyril sat down in the chair lately occupied by the dead professor and began to study the writing. As he slowly made out the meaning of the words he grew intensely excited. Will, leaning over him, and also taking in the sense of the manuscript, shared in the feeling which agitated his chum. By slow degrees they mastered all that Professor Euclid had written down up to the moment he had been so suddenly taken from the world. It ran as follows:

"June 13, 190—

"At last the dream of my life is about to be realized. I have this day come into possession of an Aztec vase of priceless value—priceless because it conveys the secret I have long searched for in vain, a secret hidden from the world for four centuries. On this vase is an inscription in Aztec hieroglyphics intelligible only to him who by profound study and long research is able to translate the meaning thereof. This inscription is the key to the location of the lost mines of Montezuma II., sealed up by the king's orders, that they might escape spoliation at the hands of the victorious Spanish adventurer, Hernando Cortez, and his followers. It was engraved on this vase by an artist of the first order in the empire, who was immediately put to death when he had finished his work, that the secret might remain alone with the king himself. Cortez knew that these mines, incomparably rich in gold and silver ore, existed, and by some means it came to his knowledge that the secret of their location had been engraved upon a bronze vase of peculiar workmanship; but threats, and even torture, failed to make the captive Montezuma disclose where it had been hidden, and the most diligent search of the country failed to reveal the whereabouts of the mines. After four hundred years this vase has turned up in the city of New York, and was yesterday purchased for a song by a young pupil of mine, Cyril Young, from whom I have borrowed it. The translation of this inscription has not been an easy matter even for me, who is regarded as an expert in the language and hieroglyphics of the Aztec people. I will jot it down here in its most lucid shape, that I may profit by the wonderful intelligence it conveys.

"The lost mines lie in the heart of the Della Cruz mountains, that mark the boundary between the States of Hidalgo and Della Cruz. The exact spot is one hundred and fifty miles southeast of the city of Mexico, and is marked by a low, flat mountain peak (the site of the great altar of the chief god Huitzilopochtli) which stands between two twin peaks of conspicuous altitude. At the time the mines were sealed up the monstrous figure of the god was taken down and

placed within the mines for safety. When the morning sun has risen to a point in the heavens that the two ends of a line drawn exactly through its center will rest upon each of the twin peaks the extreme point of the shadow cast down the valley by the peaks should be marked at the same time. At a certain spot an imaginary line, intersecting these two points—the spot cannot be mistaken, for from there you can see—

Here Professor Euclid's description terminated, for at that point his life went out like the snuffing of a candle.

"Too bad," remarked Cyril, as he looked up into his friend's face. "The most important part of the description, probably, will remain a lost quantity."

"What do you think of it, Cyril?" asked Will, in a voice of excited interest.

"I think we have reached the borderland of a wonderful discovery."

"That's what I think, too. The professor was a most astonishing man. Without his minute knowledge of the country of the Aztecs and the history of that peculiar race, I am satisfied that a literal translation of the meaning of the hieroglyphics on that vase, if made by an ordinary expert, would have been valueless at this day, after the lapse of four hundred years."

"You are right, Will. Its meaning could only be made clear by the mental retrospect in connection with an absolute familiarity with conditions as they existed at the time the mine was sealed by Montezuma. I am satisfied the professor had all the landmarks down fine, and that he alone of all men in this world could have laid his finger upon the lost entrance to those mines."

"Had he but lived a few minutes longer——"

"Will, there is something weird about this thing."

"What do you mean?" asked his chum, a bit startled by his friend's manner.

"I mean that it almost looks as if the Deity does not intend that the lost mines of Montezuma should be brought to light."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because of the strange and instantaneous manner of the professor's death."

"I can't see the point."

"Notice how the description breaks off. 'The spot cannot be mistaken, for from there you can see——' He was on the point of noting down a vital clue. Some natural landmark, perhaps, which marks the entrance to the mines. Half a dozen more words would probably have betrayed the secret, and yet those half a dozen words were fated never to be written."

"Pshaw!" replied Will. "It's simply a mere coincidence that the professor was struck down at that particular point in his description. It would have answered better, if Heaven intended the mines to remain forever a mystery, that the vase should not have reached the professor's eye at all. The fact that it did come to the attention of the one man, of all others, able to read and apply his knowledge to a practical translation of the hieroglyphic inscription shows there is no special reason why the secret of the mines should not come out some time."

"There is sense in your argument, I admit, but——"

"Come off, Cyril; you're getting superstitious, aren't you?"

"It isn't that, old fellow. The Deity may have had His reason for permitting the professor to get so far in his description as a warning——"

"To whom? Not to Professor Euclid himself, for he is past such a thing."

"To you and I, who were bound to find the writing."

"Don't get dopy, Cyril. Put that book into your pocket, roll up the vase, for it belongs to you, and let's get to town to notify the coroner. Hurry up, for I hear Mrs. Benson coming upstairs. She went to get the address of the professor's nephew, to whom we are to telegraph the melancholy news."

Cyril thought his chum's advice good and followed it. He had just finished wrapping up the Aztec relic when the housekeeper re-entered the room.

"Here is Mr. Morrison's address, Master Cyril. I mislaid it and it took me some time to find it. I hope you will excuse the delay."

"Don't mention it, Mrs. Benson."

"We ought to send some one to keep you company, Mrs. Benson, don't you think?" suggested Will.

"Well," she replied thankfully, "if you don't mind calling in at Major Bradford's, the first house you come to on the road below, and tell him what has happened, I shall consider it a favor."

"Certainly, Mrs. Benson," replied Cyril. "We will do that with pleasure."

The boys went downstairs, got their wheels and started off. They stopped at Major Bradford's house, communicated the sad news of the professor's death, and then went on again. At the Young mansion they stopped long enough for Cyril to take the precious Aztec vase to his room, and then they continued on to the town, where they hunted up the coroner and informed him of the peculiar manner in which Professor Euclid had met his death. The duty over, Cyril went to the hotel, where there was an office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and forwarded a message to Robert Morrison, who lived in West 142d street, Harlem. It was dark now, so the boys hustled to get back to their supper, which they knew the cook would have waiting for them. On their arrival they circulated the news of the unexpected death of the professor among the help, which consisted of a cook, chambermaid, gardener and his assistant, Corney McFaul. Professor Euclid had been a familiar visitor at the Young home for many months, especially Corney, to whom the professor had that afternoon presented a dollar bill for some trifling service the Irish lad had rendered him.

CHAPTER V.—Cyril's Plan.

After they had eaten their dinner the boys went right up to Cyril's room and sat down to have a talk.

"Let's go over the professor's notebook again," said Will, with an eagerness unusual with him. "I might as well admit I'm decidedly interested in those Montezuma mines."

Accordingly Cyril produced the book and they read over again all that Professor Euclid had set down in relation to that fascinating subject.

"The professor placed their situation as in the heart of the Della Cruz," remarked Will. "Get out your atlas, Cyril, and let's see if we can form some idea of the place on the map of Mexico."

A standard atlas was brought forward and opened up on the table. Cyril turned to a good-sized map of Mexico.

"Here we are," he said.

"Get out your dividers."

Cyril hunted up his box of drawing implements and took out a pair of brass compasses.

"Now mark off one hundred and fifty miles on the scale," said Will.

Cyril did so, setting the dividers at that width.

"Here is the compass point indicating north," continued Will as he pointed to the spot on the map with the point of his little finger. "Stick one of the points right on it."

Cyril put one of the sharp legs of the dividers in the little round ring which indicated a capital city.

"Here is the compass point indicating north," continued Will. "Let me see, this should be about southeast."

Cyril swung the other point of the dividers around till it rested on a line with the direction shown by Will.

"Where does it bring us to?" asked Will.

"Into the midst of the Della Cruz mountains."

"Gee whiz!" cried Will, excitedly. "That confirms the first of the professor's directions, doesn't it?"

"It certainly does," replied Cyril, interested beyond measure by the fact.

"One hundred and fifty miles southeast of the city of Mexico, in the heart of the Della Cruz mountains. That's the way he wrote it and that's the way we find it. On that spot is supposed to stand a low, flat mountain peak between two twin peaks of conspicuous altitude, something like this," and Will took a sheet of blank paper and drew a representation of the three mountain peaks as he judged they ought to look. "The twin peaks must bear a remarkable resemblance to each other, for, according to the professor, a line drawn exactly through the center of the rising sun at a certain hour will rest on the top of each peak, like this."

Will, with a small ruler, drew the line, and then added a little circle in the center of the line and between the peaks to represent the sun.

"The shadows cast by the peaks will come, say, here," and Will made a couple of dots. "Now, I will draw a line intersecting them, thus," and he did so. "Now, at a certain point along this line something is to be seen that furnishes a clue to the place where the lost mines lie. Have I made the matter clear?"

"As clear as crystal," replied Cyril, who had followed his chum's exposition of the theory of the thing with much interest.

"The interesting question is, at what point along an imaginary line of indefinite width is the spot from which this mysterious something is to be seen?" said Will, looking at his chum.

"Well, I'll tell you how that might be arrived at," said Cyril, reflectively.

"How?" asked Will, with some eagerness.

"If we were on the spot, and had ascertained the exact position of the imaginary line in question, by starting out, each of us from the opposite points of the shadow, as previously marked according to the directions, and walking slowly toward a common center, we might, by keeping our eyes carefully upon the center of the low, flat-topped mountain, reach that particular point where one of us would see——"

"What?" grinned Will.

"I can't say what, of course; but it must be something out of the ordinary in the landscape which is invisible to the eye except when the observer is in one particular position."

"But, Cyril, while, by following out your directions, we might actually see the landmark in question, it might not of itself be peculiar enough to attract our attention; while if we knew what the landmark was we should then be in a position to identify it the moment our eyes lighted on it."

"Exactly, Will; but we don't know what the landmark, as we presume the unknown clue to be, is, and no amount of guesswork on our part will supply the deficiency. The professor's life was cut off at a most inopportune moment. Had he lived to write even three or four words more, the key of the situation would probably now be in our hands."

"That's right," nodded Will, with a lugubrious expression on his face. "Still, what good would that do us, unless we went to Mexico and made use of our knowledge on the spot?"

"We intended to go to Mexico this summer, didn't we?"

"Under the professor's guidance—yes."

"Well, what's the matter with our going, anyway, on our own responsibility?"

"Do you mean that, Cyril Young?"

"I do."

Will sat back in his chair and looked at his chum a moment or two without speaking.

"And is it your idea to make your way into the heart of the Della Cruz mountains at a point one hundred and fifty miles southeast of the city of Mexico?" he asked at length.

"It is," replied Cyril, coolly.

"Without a more tangible clue than we possess in the professor's notebook?"

"Yes."

"And, of course, you expect me to go along with you?"

"Yes. You and—Corney."

"You mean to take Corney?" in surprise.

"Why not? Do you object to him?"

"Not in the least. I rather like the idea of having him along. But will he go?"

"He'll go with me all right, never fear."

"But hold on, there. Aren't you rather premature in making your plans? How do you know that your father——"

"I'm going to write to the governor to-morrow morning full particulars of the professor's death. It would be of little use to cable the bare fact as I would have to send a letter anyway. I'll tell my father what our plans for the summer are, and ask his permission to carry them out."

"And you think he will agree to let the three of us—you, I and Corney—make this proposed trip to Mexico?"

"I think he will," replied Cyril, confidently.

"If he will, it will be simply great," cried Will, with sparkling eyes. "We'll have the time of our lives, whether we find anything out about the Montezuma mines or not."

"Well, I'm going especially to investigate the professor's description. Somehow I've great faith in the idea that something is going to come of it. I shall be sure of it the moment my eyes actually rest on those twin peaks with the low, flat mountain midway between them. I'm curious to learn just what the missing clue is, and if there is such a thing as finding it out I'm going to do it."

Cyril spoke in a determined way that showed he meant every word he spoke. He had plenty of American pluck and energy—qualities he inherited from his father, who had started out in life a poor boy, without friends or influence, and made a place and financial standing for himself before he reached the age of forty.

Cyril was as good as his word about writing to his father next morning. While awaiting a reply, which he did not expect before the first week in July, the two boys employed the time making preparations for the proposed trip which they confidently expected to make. They got books descriptive of Mexico, its topography, climate, inhabitants, mode of living there, and a host of other details which they felt they ought to know.

All this in addition to the copious information the dead professor had already imparted to them at odd intervals. They proposed to make the journey to the city of Mexico in the ordinary guise of tourists, but after that they expected to rough it, for they had no idea how long they would remain in the Della Cruz mountains prosecuting their search after the lost mines of the Montezuma. Corney McFaul was delighted with the idea of accompanying Cyril and Will to Mexico, or anywhere, in fact. As a matter of fact, he would have been just as ready to go with them to the North Pole, if that had been the object of their journey. At last the expected letter arrived, and it contained the much-desired permission for Cyril to go to Mexico with his comrades, as originally determined on when it was expected that Professor Euclid would head the party. Mr. Young enclosed a couple of pages of practical advice. In his opinion it did well-balanced boys a world of good to be thrown upon their own resources and compelled to look out for themselves. It imparted to them a degree of confidence not otherwise obtainable and gave them the opportunity to accumulate valuable experience.

It was a bright morning in July that the three boys left New York City for Mexico. In time they reached Mexico City and then engaged a cab with a native driver, in which they were driven about the city and became somewhat familiar with the sights that were possible to see from the windows of the vehicle. The boys remained a week in the capital, then took a train which carried them eastward.

CHAPTER VI.—Pepita.

"Be the piper that played before Moses, what do yez call that?" exclaimed Corney McFaul, on the third day after the boys had left the city of Mexico.

They were traveling along a dusty country road leading toward the southeast in a general way. Suddenly around the turn in the road swung an old, decrepit diligence—a sort of four-wheeled public stage-coach. It swayed to and fro on its springs like a small lugger in a cross sea. This crazy-looking conveyance was filled with male and female Mexicans of the lower order, who were chattering together like a lot of magpies. The driver was lashing his team of four stout mules into a run, while on the sea beside him and on the roof were half a dozen picturesquely clad natives of the country, smoking the everlasting cigarette with the utmost composure, in spite of the jerky motion of their vehicle.

"That's a Mexican diligence," replied Cyril, in answer to Corney's exclamation.

"A diligence, is it? Faith, it seems to be all comin' apart, and it's full of payple, too."

"Don't worry, Corney; it isn't going to come to pieces. It's good for many moons yet," laughed Cyril.

With a rush and clatter the vehicle flew at them, the passengers inside craning their necks to get a view of the boys, as much a curiosity to them as they were to the lads.

"It's pipin' us off they are, do yez notice?" grinned Corney, doffing his big hat to a pretty senorita, who smiled back at him and showed him a set of ivory teeth.

"Do yez moind that, now? Shure, it's a bit of a Don Juan I am wid the ladies."

"You'd better look out, Corney. It's a dangerous matter to flirt with the Mexican girls. They've nearly all got sweethearts, and it doesn't take much more than a wink to make those chaps jealous."

"There's a stream we're looking for, Cyril," said Will, at this point, waving his arm toward a glittering streak of water issuing from among the foothills and crossing the road about a quarter of a mile ahead.

When they came to it they turned off toward a grove of trees, beneath which they tethered their animals with long ropes, after relieving the mule of its load. They built a small fire to make some coffee, which they sweetened with condensed milk, while the rest of their *al fresco* meal was made of American canned goods, with some maize bread they had procured at a small adobe farmhouse, as they called it, where they had picked up a breakfast that morning. They talked and dozed under the trees for the best part of the afternoon, until the heat of the day had somewhat subsided, when they resumed their journey. Thus several days passed, and they drew nearer and nearer to the Della Cruz mountains, whose outlines they could make out above the distant horizon. Sunday afternoon found them resting in a shady spot within forty miles of the mountain range, which filled the horizon north and south as far as the eye could reach.

Will and Corney had gone to sleep, but somehow or other Cyril didn't feel at all drowsy.

He tried to pass away the time studying a small handbook of the Spanish language, in which the three boys had made some progress since they started from their home on Staten Island, but the effort was a failure. So he put the book into his pocket and started to wander off about the neighborhood. He came at length to a well-beaten path. Following this, he passed through a cactus hedge, which had hitherto obscured his view, and found himself in a large grove of pepper and mesquite trees, whose feathery leaves cast delicate shadows on the white ground. A stream ran along the path, and he crossed it further on by means of stepping-stones made out of horses' skulls.

"Gracious!" he exclaimed, in some surprise, "this is a new kind of bridge for crossing water. I wonder what great head originated such a scheme?"

The cacti that girdled the grove were of gigantic growth, and of the grotesque and even gruesome shapes, and in the dusk of the evening one might even fancy them the grim guardians of some ogre's castle beyond. Never having seen anything like them before, Cyril paused to examine them with the interest of a curiosity-hunter. While thus engaged he thought he heard voices not far away. This fact did not disturb him, though in all probability he was trespassing on some wealthy Mexican's property. Suddenly, however, he was startled by hearing a woman's scream. Then came the light patter of fleeing feet, mingled with the sound of heavier steps, apparently in pursuit.

"What's this I'm up against?" Cyril asked himself, wonderingly.

The sounds drew nearer rapidly, and above them the boys heard the frightened exclamations of a female interspersed with the fuller tones of a man's excited voice. All at once a lovely Spanish girl, attired in a bright-hued skirt, and a black lace mantilla supported by a high back comb, dashed into the opening where Cyril stood. A terrified expression rested on her beautiful olive countenance and shone from the depths of her liquid jet-black eyes. She appeared almost exhausted and at her wit's end. As she caught a glimpse of the handsome, stalwart American boy she uttered a little cry of hope and, rushing forward, threw herself almost on her knees at his feet, crying, in Spanish:

"Save me, *senor*! Save me!"

While Cyril did not exactly understand the words, her meaning was sufficiently clear. She was fleeing from some danger, and was begging for protection. Cyril was not a boy to desert any woman in distress, least of all so young and pretty a specimen of real Andalusian loveliness. So he came to the scratch like the brave young American he was.

"I'll protect you all right," he replied, in good old Anglo-Saxon, and his attitude, though she did not understand his words, reassured the girl, for she rose and nestled close to his side, just as a splendid specimen of a Mexican ranchman hove into view, and then stopped suddenly at the unexpected picture before him.

For the moment the wind was all taken out of his sails, as it were. His look of astonish-

ment, gradually yielded to a menacing expression. With a smothered curse he advanced upon the shrinking girl and her intrepid protector.

"What does this mean?" he demanded, haughtily, in Spanish, not a word of which the boy understood.

Cyril made no reply, probably because he did not know how to make himself understood to this picturesque-looking Mexican, who seemed to be proudly conscious of his peaked, cart-wheel hat, loaded down with gold and silver braid, his clanking spurs, his revolvers depending from his hips in embroidered holsters, his short and jaunty coat with its silver claps, and last, but not least, his skin-tight leather breeches, that must have been drawn on as carefully as a pair of new gloves. The Mexican repeated his remark, with sundry additions and every token of impatience, and Cyril judged he was not in a humor to be trifled with.

CHAPTER VII.—Cyril Stand Between Pepita and Senor Gonzales.

"I don't understand a word you say," blurted out Cyril, half-defiantly, for he was determined to stand by the beautiful girl who had thrown herself upon his protection.

"Ha! Un Americano!" exclaimed the Mexican, with a disagreeable smile.

"Yes. I'm an American all right," replied the boy, coolly.

"You do not speak Spanish, eh?"

"Muy poco" (very little), answered Cyril.

"What are you doing here?"

"I was taking a walk."

"A walk?" sneered the Mexican. "This is the property—the hacienda—of Don Jose Calderon. You have no right here, señor."

"All right. Perhaps you'll tell me who this lady is?"

"Senorita Pepita, daughter of Don Jose."

"What is the trouble between you and the senorita? She does not seem to care for your society."

"That is my business, señor," replied the Mexican, somewhat fiercely. "You will leave her to me. Do you understand?"

"Excuse me, señor, but the senorita has claimed my protection for some reason which points to you. Under the circumstances I cannot desert her."

"Ha! You dare interfere in this matter, which is none of your business?" cried the Mexican, dropping his hand on the butt of one of his revolvers.

Senorita Pepita, who all this time had been standing close to Cyril, watching the two alternately, but not understanding a word that passed between them, saw the man's action, and, with a scream, sprang in front of Cyril as if to protect him. The boy, however, was not taken unawares, just the same. His hand was on his own gun as quick as was the other's, and the Mexican saw that he was not going to get the drop on his young adversary as easily as he had supposed he would.

"Caramba!" he exclaimed, furiously.

Pepita, who seemed to have recovered her self-possession, stamped her foot and said something

sharply in Spanish. Cyril understood what she said. It was short and to the point—an imperative request for the gentleman in the leather jeans to depart. The Mexican didn't like it for a cent, and half drew his gun, as if he meant to polish off the senorita's defender first and settle with the lady herself afterward. For a moment things looked serious, for Cyril, with red-hot American grit, had his revolver out and ready for instant use, while at the same time he proudly moved from behind the shelter of Pepita's person.

"Senorita Pepita has asked you to go, señor," he remarked, coolly. "So I think it's time you took a walk."

"I will kill you first!" hissed the Mexican.

At this interesting juncture another person suddenly appeared on the scene. He was an elderly man of pleasing and rather dignified personality. His attire was somewhat similar to that worn by Senor Gonzalez, though more subdued. His appearance was received by Senorita Pepita with a little scream of satisfaction, and she flew at once to his side and began chattering to him at a great rate, and in no little excitement, pointing at Cyril and then at Garcia Gonzalez. The Mexican was clearly discomfited by this unexpected addition to the proceedings, for without another word he turned upon his heel and strode off down the path and was soon lost beyond the cactus wall. Then the elderly gentleman advanced, held out his hand to Cyril with a smile, and greeted him in Spanish. The boy understood him, but replied in English.

"Ah! You are an American, are you not?" asked the gentleman, in excellent English.

"I am. My name is Cyril Young, and my home is in New York."

"I am happy to make your acquaintance. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Don Jose Calderon. This is my hacienda. Permit me to make you known to my only child, Senorita Pepita."

Cyril removed his hat and bowed politely to the handsome young lady, who returned the salute in a most bewitching manner, as her father said something to her in Spanish.

"Pepita tells me you rescued her from the undesirable attentions of Senor Gonzalez, for whom she has a strong aversion. Indeed, I myself have warned him not to intrude upon this hacienda again, but he seems to have disregarded my command. He wishes to be considered a suitor for my child's hand, but I have told him that is quite impossible. His conduct to her this afternoon will make it impossible for him to present himself before her again. I thank you for interfering in Pepita's behalf, and offer you the hospitality of my hacienda as long as you choose to remain."

Don Jose spoke with the polished courtesy of a Spanish grandee of the old school, and his manner showed that he was grateful to Cyril for what he had done.

"I thank you very much for your invitation, Don Jose," answered the boy, "but I am afraid I shall not be able to accept your hospitality, as I have two companions in the wood beyond, who are probably looking for me to return by this time."

"I shall be glad to include your two friends

in my invitation. Can you not prevail on them to spend a few days with us."

He then said something to Pepita in her native tongue, whereupon she ran forward and addressed Cyril in Spanish in a most captivating way, the sense of which he clearly understood, though most of her words, spoken so rapidly, were Greek to him. She was adding her entreaties to her father's request, and what could the boy do in the face of so charming a pleader but agree to bring his friends to the hacienda at once.

"I will send one of my people with you," said Don Jose, putting a silver whistle to his lips and blowing a shrill blast. "He will guide you right to our door."

A peon dressed out in his best togs soon appeared. Don Jose addressed him in Spanish, whereupon the man turned, bowed to Cyril and intimated that he was at his service. Cyril then took temporary leave of the Spaniard and his lovely daughter and returned with the servitor to the wood, where he found Will and Corney impatiently awaiting his appearance. The Irish boy was making preparations for supper.

"You needn't bother getting supper to-night, Corney," said Cyril.

"Why, not, sor? Shure, this is not a fast day at all, at all," in surprise.

"Of course not, Corney. Sunday is generally a slow day," grinned the leader of the expedition.

He then briefly explained to his companion that he had accepted the invitation of Dan Jose Calderon, proprietor of an adjacent hacienda, for the three to spend a day or two at his place.

"Shure, that's foine," replied Corney, with a grin of satisfaction.

The pack mule was reloaded with their effects, and the three boys, preceded by Don Jose's servitor, took up their line of march for the hacienda.

CHAPTER VIII.—At the Calderon Hacienda.

Nothing in Mexico ages but the people, and the smallest of them are seldom young. Hence it was a matter of no surprise to Cyril and Will, after having passed through the cactus grove and emerged into the great space before the long pile of buildings which constituted the hacienda, looking so fresh in its clean coat of pink and green kalsomine, to learn that this house was four hundred years old. Great doors flanked each side of the main entrance, through which the three boys were piloted into the central patio, where they were courteously received by Don Jose, Donna Calderon—his wife—and Senorita Pepita. The ground was paved with well-scrubbed cobblestones, laid in geometrical design, while lofty pecan trees shaded the enclosure. Fragrant roses bloomed here the year around. The boys were duly impressed by their reception, and Will was particularly struck with the senorita; but that lovely maiden had eyes only for Cyril.

"Faith, it's in the shade yez are left, Misther Will," whispered Corney, with a grin, as Pepita motioned Cyril to a spot by her side. "Shure, if they can't talk wid their tongues, they can wid

their eyes, which is a moighty convaynient way for exprissin' wan's silf sometoimes, so it is."

"You're right, Corney," replied Will, with a shade of annoyance in his tone. "It looks as if my name was mud in that direction."

"Don't yez moind, me b'y; there are others. The woods are full, so they are, wid purty girls down here. I've seen so many of thim since we lift El Paso that me heart is broke wid kapin' track of 'em."

The donna spoke a little English, but the burden of entertaining the guests was thrown upon Don Jose's shoulders. Cyril tried his best to make himself understood by Pepita, and was satisfied he was making a wretched failure of it. Notwithstanding that fact, they seemed to find a good deal of satisfaction in each other's company. The senorita could certainly talk with her eyes to the queen's taste, and that is a language that is current the world over. It is rather a dangerous method of communication between two such young and impressionable people as Cyril and Pepita. The young American, however, was not accustomed to flee from danger, while the Spanish girl loved to coquette with it, so by the time they all went into one of the main rooms of the hacienda, all of which were grouped around the central patio, for the evening meal, Cyril and Pepita were more than half in love with each other. The only adornment on the walls of the dining-room, to Will's surprise, were illustrations setting forth the virtues of Chihuahua beer. What bothered Corney very much was the fact that the table, which was in the center of the room, was very high, while the chairs were very low; consequently when he sat down his chin was practically on the level with the tablecloth.

"Howly Moses!" he whispered to Will. "How are we to ate at all, at all?"

"When you're in Rome you must do as the Romans do," grinned Will.

"Well, it's moighty convaynient, so it is, bechune bits, to wipe your mouth on the tablecloth."

The table was waited on by little brown boys, as Corney called them, whose cocoanut-shaped heads were thatched with mops of black hair. At last the meal was over and all adjourned to the ground sala, or best room of the house, the brick floor of which was covered with marble tiles. Pepita was very anxious to know where Cyril and his friends were going. She asked him the question in Spanish several times before he got hold of the drift of her remark. Cyril answered her by telling her father that they were going to the mountains of Della Cruz, and he translated it to her. She looked a bit disturbed at this, and asked her father to tell Cyril that it was a dangerous place on account of the robbers who lurked in its fastnesses.

He found out that it was strongly suspected by the family that Senor Garcia Gonzalez was connected with those rascals. At any rate, it was on account of his shady reputation that his society was not welcome at the Calderon hacienda. The boys were persuaded to stay two weeks at the Calderon home, and during this time Cyril made great progress in the Spanish language. He was continually in Pepita's society, and she laid herself out to teach him all she could, there-

by acquiring herself quite an insight into the English. Will declared that it was the funniest thing in the world to hear them talk together; but as they appeared to enjoy it, nobody had a right to kick.

"Begorra! it's a pair of turtle doves they look loike, do yez moind?" grinned Corney, one morning. "He'll be able to walk Spanish as well as talk it wan of these foine days."

"It's about time we got a move on, if we're going to find those lost mines of Montezuma," said Will, who was all eagerness to get down to business once more.

"Faith, they won't run away bekase we're ristin' our tin toes here, Misther Will. It's moighty hot in the sun, do yez moind, and I'd sooner sit here under wan of these gumbo trees——"

"Pecan trees, you mean," laughed Will.

"Peekan, is it? Shure, it's right yez are, for wan can peek 'round thim at a purty senorita at the other soide of the coort," grinned Corney.

"Funny boy. Do you know, Corney, some of your jokes make me weary?"

"Is that a fact? Thin yez moight lie down in the shade and slape it off."

"Come off. I say, now, aren't you tired of this humdrum loafing about this old hacienda, with no one to speak to who understands you but the old gentleman?"

"It's betther than hard wúrrub wid the timperature at sivin hundred in the shade."

"What's that? Seven hundred!"

"Well, it fales loike it, at any rate, so it does. Be the sivin bugles that played before Jericho, I've been parboiled iver since I've been in the country."

"Rats! I'm going to stir Cyril up a bit. We can't stay here forever."

And so it came about that Cyril Young reluctantly decided that it was time for the party to take up their line of march once more for the Della Cruz mountains.

CHAPTER IX.—The Twin Peaks.

Four days later they were among the foothills of the Della Cruz mountains.

"Now," said Cyril, "we must keep our eyes skinned for the twin peaks mentioned in the professor's note-book."

"That's what," replied Will. "The question is, are they straight ahead, or off to the right or to the left? If we go in the wrong direction we shall waste days in useless hot-footing."

"I mean to inquire of the natives until I get some clue to their whereabouts."

"That will be the best way," agreed Will. "You're beginning to handle the Spanish language pretty cleverly."

"Shure, why wouldn't he, wid such a purty gal as the Senorita Pepita at his elbow all the time?" said Will. "He'll be able to teach him the ins and outs of the language?" grinned Corney. "Faith it was ourselves thot was jealous of yez, so we were."

"Don't blush, old chap," laughed Will. "We know you were pretty hard hit."

"What nonsense!" replied Cyril, with a rosy face.

The road they were now traversing was lined with immense palms, with great broad leaves, while here and there they noted the castor-oil trees. The orchids hung on the taller trees, or sat in nests in the crotch, parasitic plants of every color making the trees into nosegays.

"Faith, this is a wonderful country, so it is," remarked Corney. "It has ould Oireland baten to a shtandstill for color."

About nine miles up the road wound around a gorge. They left the road and followed it until they came to one of the most beautiful waterfalls they had ever seen. The hills rose all around it a thousand feet or more, and the sides of these hills from base to peak were densely covered with trees, whose leaves were almost a solid mass of green. The white water leaped from this green center a hundred or two hundred feet into a curling, foaming river below. The boys, after pausing a while to admire the picture, rode down into a kind of valley, narrow and sinuous. At length, as dusk was falling, they came suddenly upon a break in the lower hills. The breach was quite wide, the elevations curving away to the eastward. As they rode toward it, thinking it was high time to bivouac for the night, Cyril all at once reined in his animal and, gripping Will by the arm, pointed right ahead.

"The twin peaks!" he cried, in a voice that tingled with excitement. "Do you see them, Will, and the flat-top mountain between, just as Professor Euclid described the scene? I have no longer any doubt but that we are in the presence of the lost mines of the Montezumas."

"I see them," responded Will, the blood rushing tumultuously through his veins as he looked. "The sun throws their shadows down this valley in the morning. Just to think, old man, we are now actually looking upon the very picture, a representation of which I drew in your room on the night of the professor's death. It hardly seems true."

"The peaks are alike as two pears, aren't they?"

"They certainly are. Exactly the same height. The ends of a ruler long enough to span them would rest evenly on the top of each."

"So thim are the pakes yez have been in search of?" said Corney, wonderingly.

"Yes, Corney, those are the real things."

"And where moight thim moines be?"

"That's what we have to find out."

"And yez are goin' to do thot wid the sun's shadder—is thot a fact?"

"We're going to try. Whether we will succeed or not is another question."

"It's to be hoped yez will. Are we goin' to thravel all night or not?"

"No. There a stream of water yonder. We'll pitch our tent beside it."

The horses and mule were soon tethered to stakes on the grassy hillside, and it was not long before Corney had a fire kindled and supper under way. The boys were hungry, all right, after their long ride from their last resting-place, and when everything was ready they did ample justice to the food and the fine Mexican coffee, which the Irish boy knew how to prepare in great style. They turned in early, for they were eager to begin operations, and all night long Cyril and Will dreamed of glittering gold mines in

the heart of the mountains, while Corney's slumbers were disturbed by visions of the bandits of the hills.

CHAPTER X.—What Corney Saw in the Mountain Side.

The boys were up early next morning, and the first thing they did when they came out of the tent was to cast their eyes toward the twin peaks that stood out bold and clear against a cloudless sky.

"It was on top of that flat mountain that the altar of the chief gold Huitzilopochtli stood," said Cyril, in a tone of great interest.

"It is so stated in the histories of the Aztec people," nodded Will. "If we went up there I dare say we might find some remains of the sacrificial stone still in existence. They were mighty big, solid-looking blocks."

"I suppose the people gather all around here during the sacrifices."

"Probably. According to the pictures I've seen of the subject, they got as close to the stone as their numbers permitted."

"Many thousands yielded up their lives on that mountain, I've no doubt."

"That's what they did. The priests had things their own way in those days."

"Christianity has been a great boon to the world."

"I wonder at what hour the sun begins to peep over the mountain? Supposing that it doesn't rise in the right place at this time of the year—what then?"

"Oh, it doesn't vary much the year around, for we are not so far from the equator."

"What is our latitude, anyway? Do you know?"

"About eighteen degrees north."

"Where did you put those pieces of glass we brought along to look at the sun through? We'd better smoke them over the fire as soon as Corney is through with it, so as to have them in readiness."

"I've got them in my hand-bag. I'll get them out, as your suggestion is a good one."

After the boys had finished their breakfasts the glasses were duly smoked and, when pronounced satisfactory, were laid aside until wanted.

"The best way for us to get a straight imaginary line from the points of the two shadows, which you and I will have to note and mark at the proper moment, will be to station Corney midway between us where he will interrupt our line of vision from point to point. Then we will start out and walk toward him very slowly, watching the mountain as closely as we can for that peculiar clue, visible at a certain point, which the professor's sudden death prevented him from recording."

"You've got the thing down fine, Cyril. We ought to be able to turn the trick, if the thing is possible of accomplishment."

The boys loafed around the trees until the sun rose above the mountain range. To their great delight its course carried it up almost directly in the center of the space of sky between the two peaks.

"By jingo!" cried Will. "I'm more than ever

convinced of the truth of the professor's translation of those hieroglyphics on that Aztec vase. Those peaks had to lie almost due north and south in order to be available for the purpose of a sun-guide. They stand so close together that in any other position it would be much more difficult to get the sun's altitude correctly without instruments made for such a purpose."

"We can easily see the points of the shadows from here," said Cyril. "What shall we mark them with?"

"A couple of those white rocks yonder will do. As soon as we have determined the proper length of the shadows we'll stand still at our posts and Corney can bring a stone to each of us. Do you understand that, Corney?"

"Faith, I do."

Cyril then explained to the Irish boy how he was then to take his place about midway in a direct line from where they each stood beside the stones. Finally the sun had risen high enough for them to get busy; so Cyril and Will, each with a piece of smoked glass in his hand, walked out to the edges of the two shadows, which were slowly creeping down the valley, and began to keep pace with them. Every once in a while they took a sight of the sun. Simultaneously they came to a stop at length, as the burnished disk reached a position in the sky where a line drawn exactly through its center, as well as the boys were able to determine, would rest on the apex of each of the two peaks.

"Now, Corney, get a move on. Fetch those two stones."

Corney, who had been an interested observer of the proceedings, reluctantly left the shade of a huge palm tree and carried a stone to each of his comrades, who deposited it at their feet. The Irish boy was then properly stationed after some trouble, in about the center of the imaginary line, intersecting the two white stones. Every thing being in readiness for the rest of the ceremony, at a signal from Cyril, he and Will started toward each other at a rate that was exasperatingly slow to Corney, who, having nothing to do but stand in one position in the boiling sun, was fully persuaded there would soon be nothing left of him but a grease spot. Finally they reached Corney, without having observed anything out of the ordinary in the face of the distant mountain.

"Well," asked Will, "what did you see, Cyril?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?" disappointedly.

"Not a thing. And you? Didn't you observe any uncommon point in the aspect of the mountain?"

Will shook his head.

"Well, what do you think?" asked Cyril, whose high hopes had also fallen to the zero point.

"I think that the landmark, whatever it was, must have been wiped out some time during the four hundred years that has passed since the mines were closed up."

"Looks that way, doesn't it?" replied Cyril.

"So yez didn't see nothin' at all, at all?" said Corney. "What a pity!"

Then he shaded his eyes and looked toward the mountain himself.

"Trosh! it's a hole bechune the hills I see from

here, wid a funny-looking tree at the far end of it. Do yez think there's anythin' in thot?"

"Let me see!" cried both boys in a breath, with great eagerness.

"Well, yez can't both see to wanst, for when I move my head this way the hole isn't there. Nor is it there, faith, when I move me head this way. I can only see it when I stand here."

"You look first, Cyril. That's your right as boss of the expedition," said Will.

So Cyril took Corney's place, and he easily made out the fissure in the mountain-side, with the odd-looking tree at its further extremity. Then he stepped aside and allowed Will to look, and then Will saw the same thing.

"Get another white stone, Corney, and plant it right here. I really believe we've got onto the clue, after all, for certainly this cut in the mountain, with the tree belond, can't be seen from any other point of this imaginary line."

"Now," said Will, after Corney had marked the spot with another white stone, "let's talk the matter over and consider what we'll do next."

"Corney, you're all to the good. If it hadn't been for your sharp eyes we would probably have missed the object at which we were aiming."

"Thru for yez, Misther Cyril. Faith, it's funny I found the right spot, all accyidental-loike, while yez two were walkin' the line like a pair of monkeys on a tight-rope. Shure, it's the Oirish that get there every toime."

CHAPTER XI.—The Specter of the Mountain.

The boys were eager to investigate the defile in the mountain-side, but it was a good hour before they felt like making a move out into the blazing sunshine again. Before starting they took a bite of cold lunch. They then marched out to the central white stone, whence the fissure was observable, and from that point started up the valley toward the foot of the flat-top mountain. Owing to the inequalities of the ground they soon lost sight of the distant break in the hills, but they felt reasonably sure that they would eventually reach a spot close enough to the place to locate it. It was hot work hoofing it in the sun, over rock and boulders, but they persevered, for the end in view was worth the effort. At last they reached the foot of the mountain, which was covered with trees.

"I hope it won't be like looking for a needle in a hay-stack to find that hole," said Will.

"It's somewhere around here, for certain," replied Cyril.

At last, after an hour's search, they came upon it—a tall, narrow cleft in the face of the mountain, at the far end of which was a fantastic-looking bleached tree, withered and dead. They entered the defile and made their way up to the dead tree. It was a weird spot, lonesome and forsaken. The mountain rose in sheer elevation hundreds of feet above their heads.

"Do you think this is the entrance to the famous mines of Montezuma?" asked Will, with a tremor of excitement.

"If there's any virtue in signs, I think it is," replied Cyril.

"Shure, it looks more loike the entrance to Hades, so it does," said Corney.

"What's the next step, now we're here?" asked Will.

"You've got me," answered Cyril, scratching his head. "Probably it's a matter of digging straight into the mountain ahead."

"Faith, that's a foine prospect of hard worruk," said Corney, regarding the situation dubiously.

"You don't get much in this world unless you work for it," replied Cyril.

"Be hivins! Thot's no lie."

"I think we've seen all we want to see for to-day," remarked Will. "We'll bring up the shovels to-morrow morning and start the ball rolling early. In the meantime we can move our tent nearer."

"That's a good plan," said Cyril.

They walked to the entrance of the defile and, after taking a careful survey of the surroundings, started back to their tent.

In some way they managed to get separated, and the first thing Cyril knew Will and Corney had disappeared. Cyril came to a stop and looked around to see where his companions had gone to, but could see no sign of them. He waited a while for them to turn up, and when they failed to do so he retraced his steps a short distance.

"I wonder where they went?" he asked himself.

He shouted to his friends but got no reply. He figured that the only way they could have gone was up a sloping path that trailed up the border of the defile and he followed it himself, expecting to see them any moment. The path carried him in a circuitous way to a height of sixty feet and then he saw the entrance to a narrow cave. Thinking they had gone in there to investigate, he proceeded to explore it, too. After going twenty feet in the dark he stepped into a hole in his path, and down he went a matter of a dozen feet along a sharp incline, and slid out on a bare shelf of earth and rock, on which stood a solitary tree near the edge. Picking himself up, he looked around and saw a wide expanse of country before him. On the left was the river, near which they had pitched their tent. Apparently there was no way of leaving the shelf except by the route he had come, for to jump forty odd feet to the ground below was too much of a risk to undertake. His companions had not blundered into the predicament he had, so he must try to get back up the hole. He lost no time in essaying the task, but found it impossible.

"This is a nice fix I'm in," he muttered.

At that moment his eyes lighted on a coiled lariat lying near the rocky wall.

"How lucky!" he said. "I can tie one end to the tree and let the other end hang down over the edge."

This plan he put in operation, and found that the rope came within ten feet or so of the ground. That was close enough, and after testing the end around the tree, he swung over the edge of the shelf. Down the rope he slid very carefully until he was near the ground. Then a chorus of shouts arose. Glancing down, he saw a crowd of armed Mexicans threatening to impale him on their swords. The boy stopped his

descent. The natives slashed at him, but Cyril hastily swung his legs up against the rock and out of their reach. They yelled afresh, expecting to see him drop. But he didn't. With the agility of a moneky he pulled himself up to the shelf again, and then coolly surveyed the disappointed peons.

"I guess I'll have to stay here till they go away," he thought.

Then he saw a projecting rock twenty feet above, behind which appeared to be a path. He removed the end of the lariat from the tree, opened out the noose and threw it at the rock. The first attempt was successful, and five minutes later he was standing on the path above. Following the path he came out into the defile again. Issuing from it he saw no signs of the aggressive peons. Believing that Will and Corney had already reached the tent, he resumed his way, keeping a sharp lookout for the bunch of Mexicans. When he got to the tent his friends were not there. After watching for them for half an hour he grew drowsy from the heat. So he retired into the tent, lay down on his blankets and was soon asleep. Two hours later he was aroused by the appearance of Will and Corney. He knew by their faces and manner that something out of the ordinary had occurred.

"Where have you chaps been?" he asked, curiously.

"Don't say a wurrud. Yez missed the adventure of your life," cried Corney.

"What have I missed, Will?" asked Cyril, eagerly.

"It will knock you silly when I tell you," replied Will, with a serious face.

"Well, don't keep me in suspense, old man."

"Corney and I stumbled onto the headquarters of the mountain bandit gang."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed Cyril, half-incredulously.

"Isn't it a fact, Corney?" said Will, appealing to the Irish lad.

"It's gospel truth, Misther Cyril, on me wurrud as a McFaul."

"Gracious! So that villainous crowd are right here on our ground!" replied Cyril, aghast.

"That's what they are," answered Will. "And that fellow Garcia Gonzalez, whom you had the run-in with, is the chief of them, too."

"How do you know?" asked Cyril, anxiously.

"Bekase we seen the ould villain," replied Corney.

"But he isn't old, Corney," said Cyril. "He's a good-looking chap of about thirty."

"Shure, that's roight. I mane he's ould in rascality."

"How could you identity the fellow as Gonzalez?"

"Didn't Will and mesilf hear thim men of his call him Gonzalez? But we've stronger proof than that, more's the pity," added Corney, with a melancholy shake of the head.

"What do you mean, Corney? And why do you look so strange?"

"Yez had bettther tell him, Will."

"I have bad news for you, Cyril," ventured Will, reluctantly.

"Bad news!" cried Cyril. "What do you mean?"

"That rascal Gonzalez has carried off Pepita Calderon from her father's hacienda, and brought

her down here to his den in the mountains, where he intends to force her to marry him."

"How do you know he has?" cried Cyril, greatly excited.

"Because we saw her a prisoner in his underground headquarters."

"Are you telling me the truth, Will Adams?" ejaculated Cyril, almost violently.

"Ask Corney."

"Shure, didn't I see the senorita wid me two blissid eyes?" corroborated the Irish boy, nodding his head positively.

"Pepita in the power of that villain!" groaned Cyril. "Something must be done, boys, to save her."

"What can we do? We must do something. I, for one, am not going to desert her, not if it costs me my life!" cried Cyril, the fire of resolution flashing from his eyes.

"I'm ready to do anything, Cyril; but——"

"Tell me how you made this discovery?" demanded Cyril, abruptly.

"I don't know how we managed to lose you," said Will, "but all at once you were out of sight. We started to retrace our steps, when suddenly the ground gave way beneath us and down we went somewhere, the bushes closing over our heads, leaving us in the dark. I struck a match and we looked around. We were in a kind of cavern. Noting that it would not be heard to crawl out into the air again, Corney and I determined to investigate the place. We made torches of brushwood and went ahead. The place went right into the mountain, and we followed it. Presently we came to a turn in the place and stopped, for our torches were nearly burned out, and we were afraid to venture further."

"Thot's right, faith. It's afeard we'd get lost in the bowels of the earth we were," put in Corney.

"While we were considering whether to go on a little further or retreat we heard voices not far away. That excited our curiosity and we crept forward to investigate, after dropping our expiring torches on the ground. We saw a bright gleam of light ahead and figures of men moving about and stretched upon the ground, smoking cigarettes. Finally our course was barred by a lot of brush that partially choked the passage. We had a good view from here of the room beyond. Soon after we came to a halt at this spot the man I presently learned to be Gonzalez, the bandit leader, entered the cavernous apartment and sent the men away somewhere. Then it was that Pepita Calderon was brought in by a couple of the rascals, and you might have knocked us both down with a feather at that moment, so surprised were we to see her there. I am not any too well up in Spanish, but I managed to understand a word here and there, and sometimes a whole sentence. Then actions speak louder than words, so that I tumbled to the drift of the interview. Gonzalez had evidently kidnapped the senorita, and I made out that his purpose was immediate marriage. She scorned his advances to the queen's taste, but he gave her the laugh. She was in his power, he said, and intimated that she had as much show to escape him as water has of running up the mountain-side. He gave her twelve hours to consider

proposal, and then the two rascals who brought her before him reappeared and carried her away again. Corney and I then made our way back to the cavern into which we had tumbled, found the spot we had entered at, and scrambled up into the outside air. We hadn't more than got there before Gonzalez and a dozen of his men came riding out of the defile, dashed up the valley toward the waterfall and disappeared."

Will stopped as if that was the whole story. Cyril made no remark for several minutes. He seemed to be thinking—thinking how he could help Pepita out of her terrible predicament.

"We must take advantage of Gonzalez's absence and try to rescue her," he said, at length. "You say a dozen men rode off with him. Probably that was the larger part of his gang. Maybe only two or three were left behind. We ought to be able to surprise and do them up. Are you game to back me up in this, both of you?" he said, looking at his chum and Corney.

"You can count on me," replied Will, sturdily.

"And on me, too, faith," answered Corney. "I'm wid yez, be the hoofs of Balaam's rabbit! It's spilin' I am for a scrimmage."

"Get supper ready, Corney. We'll set out for that hole you fell into just as soon as it gets dark. Do you think you'll be able to find it again?"

"I think so," answered Will. "I took the bearings of the place before we left the neighborhood."

"All right," replied Cyril, cheerfully. "The safety of Pepita is of more importance than all the gold in the lost mines of the Montezumas."

He said this in a tone that caused Corney to wink impressively at Will. They wanted no better evidence that Cyril was thoroughly in love with the beautiful daughter of Don Jose Calderon. As soon as the sun set, darkness fell quickly upon the face of the landscape. The boys lost no time in setting out upon the strenuous job Cyril had decided upon. The dark mountainside loomed up before them as they advanced. The gloom of the night was partially relieved by the brightness of the star-bedecked sky, but the stillness which brooded over nature's vast solitude was curiously oppressive.

"You are sure the opening in the mountainside is somewhere about here?" asked Cyril, as they drew near to the locality pointed out by Will.

"Yes. I know it by that bleached rock over yonder."

Cyril raised the lantern he carried and flashed its bright light in the direction his chum pointed. A black opening appeared a short distance in front of them.

"Is that it?" he asked, drawing his revolver as a precautionary measure.

"No," replied Will. "That isn't the spot. But what is that, anyway?"

The three boys advanced cautiously toward the black-looking hole. Suddenly, without warning, a volume of thick white smoke issued from the opening, and as it melted away there was revealed, apparently floating in the air, a phosphorescent-draped skeleton.

"Howly mother!" gasped Corney, falling upon his knees in terror.

CHAPTER XII.—In the Haunts of the Bandits.

Cyril and Will started back in surprise, not to say consternation, as the gruesome figure unfolded its outlines before their startled gaze and then seemed to advance upon them.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Will. "What do you call that?"

"The saints presarve us! Take it away!" howled Corney, thoroughly frightened, if ever a boy was.

The boys fell back a short distance, without taking their eyes from the spectral vision, which continued to hover in the dim air, waving its bony arms about at random, as though warning them away from the spot. Cyril was the first to recover from the feeling of awe the "ghost" incited.

"It's some fake," he said. "Our presence has been discovered by the bandits and they are using this device to scare us from the locality. That must be one of the entrances to their headquarters."

"It isn't the place Corney and I fell into this afternoon," said Will, beginning to feel easier in his mind after Cyril's words. "What shall we do? If it's a fake, we'd better make a dash at it and do the old thing up."

"No," replied Cyril. "That won't do at all. If those chaps in there, who are no doubt watching us, see that their spook isn't going to have a proper effect on us, they'll probably begin shooting next, and we may get hurt. As long as this isn't the right hole, we'd best pretend to be scared off. The other hole must be near here. We'd better search for it."

"It's somewhere among those tall bushes, I am almost sure," replied Will. "It is certainly not far from that white rock."

Accordingly the boys withdrew and, taking a roundabout course, approaching the locality from an opposite point of the compass, keeping well within the line of bushes close to the hillside and observing great caution. Will was in advance, with his eyes on the alert for some sign showing the proximity of the hole. They were now out of sight of the place where the draped skeleton had appeared to them, but were drawing near the spot every moment. Suddenly as Will took a step forward into the bushes he went right down into them before Cyril's eyes, vanishing like a spirit through a stage trap-door. Cyril came to a dead spot, as did Corney behind him. Dropping down on his knees, the boy uncovered the lantern and thrust it into a yawning hole among the bushes. Its bright rays showed Will scrambling to his feet eight feet below the surface.

"Hurt yourself, old chap?" asked Cyril, in a voice of some concern.

"Not a bit. Come on down. This is the hole we were looking for," replied Will, glancing upward.

"Sure of that, are you?"

"Yes."

"Follow me, Corney," said Cyril, springing down into the opening, where he landed on a mass of soft dirt.

Corney followed immediately after him.

"Give me the lantern and I'll lead the way," said Will.

He swung the light to and fro as they advanced under the mountain, and the flashing rays revealed a long, narrow cavern that seemed to have been fashioned by the hand of man. At one point a flat rock protruded, the face of which was as smooth as a bit of unpolished marble. It was covered from top to bottom with Aztec symbols and hieroglyphics.

"Look at that," cried Will, pointing to it. "We seem to be right on the stamping grounds of Montezuma's subjects. Who knows but we may have blundered upon one of the approaches to the mines. If we have, 'twill save us an awful lot of trouble."

"I'm not bothering about the Aztec mines just now, Will. They will keep, same as they have kept for four hundred years. It's Pepita's safety I'm interested in at this moment. Come on and find that passage which leads into the headquarters of the bandits. We have no time to lose. Gonzalez may return with his followers at any moment, and then the fat would be in the fire."

So Will started forward again, and in a few minutes they branched off to the left.

"This is the passage," whispered Will. "We've got to go cautiously now."

"All right. You know the ropes."

They went on.

"Here is the heap of brushwood which blocked our way this afternoon," and Will threw a glimmer upon the obstruction.

"Where is that room or cavern you say you looked into?" asked Cyril, in a low voice.

"Right in front of us."

"It's as dark as pitch there."

"That's because most of the crowd are away, I guess."

"We must make an opening here," said Cyril.

This was not a difficult matter to do, and they soon passed into the robbers' den under the flat-top mountain. Flashing the lantern about, they found themselves in a big cavern, in which were scattered wooden benches, rude tables of the same material, and many other evidences of occupation by man, plainly showing that this was the general gathering place for a crowd of rough-and-ready Mexican outlaws. Two openings led in opposite directions from the cavern.

"Which way did they take Pepita?" asked Cyril, anxiously.

"That way," replied Will, pointing to the opening running toward the center of the mountain.

"Then that's the way we will go," said Cyril, taking the lantern and now leading the way himself.

They passed a number of empty caverns, much smaller in size than the one they had entered first. They did not have to go far, however, before they came to one across which a bit of gaudy drapery was hung. Cyril held up his hand, for he had noticed a glimmer of light coming through the edge of the folds of the fabric. Putting down the lantern, he drew back a corner of the drapery and looked in. The room, if we may call it such, was elegantly and picturesquely furnished. A rough-looking Mexican was lounging in a chair near the entrance, lazily puffing the inevitable cigarette, while at the far end of the place Pepita lay upon a richly ornamented coach.

The reader may as well be informed that this elegant retreat under the mountain was Garcia Gonzalez's private retiring-room. Here he took his meals and slept, when not aboard among the haunts of civilization. At a given signal—Cyril drew the curtain aside and, closely followed by Will and Corney, confronted the Mexican ruffian who was on guard.

CHAPTER XII.—The Aztec God Huitzilopochtli.

The bandit sprang to his feet with a rude oath and reached for his gun.

"Stop!" cried Cyril to him in Spanish, "or you are a dead man."

The fellow saw the three gleaming revolvers pointed at him and, perceiving the folly of resistance, threw up his hands reluctantly. Senorita Calderon, who had not been asleep, sprang to her feet in open-eyed surprise.

"Bind and gag that rascal," said Cyril to his companions.

It took but a moment to do this, as the rascal was thoroughly cowed. Then Cyril turned and advanced toward the couch.

"Pepita," he exclaimed, tenderly.

The girl swayed for a moment in the air, then, with a little cry of delight, to which the boy's name was coupled, she rushed across the room and fairly sprang into Cyril's arms.

"Come, Pepita, we must go," said Cyril, and with Will leading the way, lantern in one hand and cocked revolver in the other, they passed out into the underground passage.

They reached the main cavern without mishap, and were on the point of entering the brush-covered passage, when suddenly Garcia Gonzalez and several of his men appeared at the other opening. Cyril pushed the girl into the passage and drew his revolver.

"Seize them!" shouted the Mexican in Spanish.

"Stand back!" cried Cyril, raising his pistol.

Gonzalez, who was no coward, drew his weapons from their holsters and, with a hurried aim, fired at the boys. Two bullets whizzed by their heads and flattened themselves against the wall, and under cover of the smoke the other ruffians dashed forward. Three revolvers cracked and three bandits went down wounded. Taking advantage of their confusion, the boys rushed through into the passage and hurried away. But Gonzalez, with others of his band, was promptly on their heels. So quickly did they follow that the boys, pushing the girl forward in the dark—for they had covered the lantern, lest it should draw the rascals' fire—took the wrong turn and hurried further away by a new course into the depths of the mountain.

And as they ran the sound of their pursuers faded away, for Garcia Gonzalez imagined that they must have gone in the other direction, toward an opening in the mountain, the existence of which he did not know, but naturally surmised they had accidentally discovered. So they kept on, using the lantern now to light their way, till all at once they came out into a vast underground chamber, in the center of which stood a monstrous graven image of sinister aspect. It had a broad face, wide mouth and terrible eyes.

The light of the lantern was reflected from a thousand tiny sparkling points of the hideous figure, for it was covered with gold, pearls and precious stones, and was girt about with golden serpents. The four fugitives gazed on this monster with feelings of awe akin to terror. Pepita was almost overcome, and clung closely to her young protector.

"Cyril," cried Will, in a tone which sent a thrill through his chum's veins and for a moment made him even forget the girl of his heart, "do you know where we are? We're in the mines of Montezuma—where probably man has not penetrated for four hundred years."

"I believe you are right," breathed his chum, stirred beyond measure at the thought that they were the first, since the days of Montezuma, to gaze upon the chief god of the Aztecs—in fact, outside of Cortez himself, who had been specially accorded the privilege, they were the only white-skinned persons who had ever looked upon its awful features.

As the boys grew somewhat accustomed to their weird surroundings they began to examine the image closer.

"Cyril," cried Will, excitedly. "These precious stones seem to be of the finest quality. There must be a fortune or two upon this image. Talking about digging for gold and silver! Why, that isn't a circumstance to picking these diamonds and pearls, and sapphires and rubies. This is like the garden Alladin wandered into in the 'Arabian Nights' story. I tell you, Cyril, if we can get away with this treasure alone we're made for life."

"You forget one important thing," said Cyril. "Our retreat is cut off by the bandits, who may come in here after us at any moment."

"Don't you worry," said Will. "If those chaps knew of this place they'd have had this image stripped long ago."

But in hunting for us they may flounder on it like we did ourselves," replied Cyril.

"Well, I'm going to get some of those diamonds right away," said Will, his eagerness to gather in the valuable brilliants overcoming every other consideration.

CHAPTER XIV.—Caught in a Trap.

Pepita was persuaded to hold the lantern while Cyril and Will proceeded to denude the god of its precious belongings. With the butts of their revolvers they loosened the gems from their fastenings, and the pile which they deposited in their hats, after they had filled their pockets, made their mouths water. Pepita almost managed to stow away a great many of the finest gems handed to her by Cyril.

"We'll come back another time and get the golden serpents and other gold and silver ornaments," said Cyril. "And then we'll see what these mines contain."

"Shure, wid these moines on our hands we'll soon be as rich as Mither Rockefeller, so we will," cried Corney, in a tone of intense satisfaction.

"What will you do with your share, Corney," asked Will.

"My share! Begob! I'll go back to ould

Oireland, buy the country and have meself elected king, loike me great ancister the O'Brien."

While Cyril and Pepita were talking—or cooing, as Corney called it—together, Will and the Irish boy, with the aid of the lantern, started on a tour of discovery around the great cavern. They found wide steps of stone leading up to what appeared to have been the main entrance. These steps terminated at a wide platform, from which galleries led off in several directions, penetrating the bowels of the mines. The entrance itself was blocked up by a wall of masonry, how thick the boys could only conjecture.

"It's a foine time of it we'd had diggin' our way through this, don't yez think, Mither Will?" grinned Corney, as he rapped upon the well-set stones of four hundred years' standing.

"It would have taken a few boxes of dynamite to have made an impression on it," replied Will.

At that moment they heard a strange, far-away grumbling and muttering in the depth of the mine.

"What's thot?" asked Corney, his hair beginning to rise on his head, for the sound was weird and uncanny.

"Give it up," said Will. "It sounded a long way off."

"Maybe it's the spooks of the ould haythen Aztecs kickin' bekase we've been afther robbin' their image."

The sound came again, louder than before, rolling up through the galleries and filling the big cavern with the reverberations.

"Howly St. Patrick! I don't fancy thot at all, at all," shivered Corney. "I'd rather go up ag'inst live Greasers, than dead men any day, so I would."

"Why, that's only some subterranean noise way down in the bowels of the earth."

Again came up that strange subterranean noise, as if something was wrong far beneath them. Corney was anxious to rejoin Cyril and make a break for the outside air. He was very superstitious, and he didn't like that sound for a cent. So they descended, and found Cyril and Pepita perfectly contented at the feet of the hideous god.

"Well, what did you find out?" asked the young leader.

"We discovered the original entrance to these mines," replied Will.

"Did you?" said Cyril, with a look of interest.

"It's all blocked up by masonry."

"Then there's no show of getting out that way?"

"Not the slightest. It would take several charges of dynamite to make an impression on it."

"Did yez hear thot noise off somewhere?" asked Corney.

"Yes. Strange, isn't it?"

"Faith, it's more than strange. Yez don't think it's the ghost of thim ould Aztecs that used to wurruk here four hundred years ago, do yez?"

"Why, of course not, Corney. What put such an idea into your head?"

"Well, sor, you know we've been afther dissectin' their image—"

"Been doing what?"

"Dissectin'—robbin', de yez moind, their big

"You mean desecrating," laughed Cyril.

"I s'pose so. I'm not up in thim big wurruds. We've been after stealin' thim jewels, and maybe they don't loike it, Misther Cyril."

"That's right, Corney," with a wink at Will; "Perhaps they don't. Maybe we'd better make a start for the back door."

"I'm wid yez. I'd rather foight me way out than stay here and listen to thot awful wail. Puts me in moind of the banshee, so it does."

"Did you ever hear a banshee?"

"Niver. And I don't want to, aither."

"Well, boys, I guess we'll make a move."

As they gathered up their hats full of gems that awful sound came up again from the depths of the mine.

"Saints presarve us! Do yez hear thim? They know we're preparin' to go, and they don't like the idea of thim gems goin', too. Maybe they'll foller us."

"Perhaps in that case," laughed Cyril, "you'd better go ahead with the lantern, and we'll cover your retreat."

"Faith, I will, wid pleasure," and grabbing the lantern he started for the passage.

"Keep your eyes wide open for the Mexicans," warned Will. "You'd better keep the lantern covered."

"Corney was about to 'douse the glim," when suddenly there came to their ears a murmuring sound down the passage.

"It's them Greasers comin' this way at last," he said.

"Lights began to flash and twinkle in the distance and the growl of many voices came nearer.

"We're caught in a trap, I'm afraid," said Cyril.

"We must retreat to the galleries," suggested Will. "We may be able to hide there."

They hurried back and mounted the stone steps to the platform, taking refuge behind a pile of loose masonry. In a few moments Garcia Gonzalez, leading his band of rascals, swarmed with lanterns and torches into the great cavern below.

CHAPTER XV.—The Earthquake.

The whole gang came to a pause in front of the image, whose presence rather astonished the bandits. Gonzalez, who was intent on recovering Pepita, soon stirred his men into activity again. Under his direction, they spread themselves all over the place, and, finding nothing, began to ascend the steps. At that critical moment the subterranean noise was renewed, only much louder. It came rolling up like the mutterings of approaching thunder. Somehow or another both Cyril and Will thought of that afternoon of storm on Staten Island when Professor Euclid's life went out with the thunderbolt. All at once a slight thrill or tremble seemed to pervade the mountain depths. The bandits paused and began to jabber in an excited way. But Gonzalez swore at them and urged them on in tones they dared not disobey.

The boys hoped to escape observation behind the masonry, but unfortunately one sharp-eyed Mexican saw Corney's shock head in the glare of his torch, and he uttered a shout.

"By the tail of Pat Murphy's cow, it's diskivered we are," Corney cried, and he fired his revolver point-blank at the rascal who had seen him.

Down went the robber with a howl of pain, and he didn't get up again. Crack! Crack! Cyril and Will bowled over two more of the enemy. Crack! crack! Crack! The revolvers of several bandits began to spit fire.

"Be careful!" roared Gonzalez, bounding up the steps. "See that you hit not the senorita," he added, warningly.

Crack! Crack! Crack! The three boys returned the fire, with all the advantage in their favor for the time being. Two more of the bandits went down. The uproar was terrific in that enclosed place, but above it all came louder and louder the underground noises, and once more a kind of sickening tremor shook the depths of the flat-top mountain.

"Surrender the senorita," said Gonzalez, "and you can go free."

"Never!" answered Cyril, in Spanish. "You will get her only over our dead bodies."

"Caramba! You die, then!" hissed the villain.

Spitting flashes of fire sprang from behind the blocks of masonry where the fugitives were hidden. Gonzalez clasped his hand to his side with a terrible oath.

"Kill! Kill! Kill!" he shrieked, as he staggered back and sank down on the top step.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack. The revolvers of the bandits blazed in a lurid volley. But the end was near at hand. An end terrible and awe-inspiring. A thunderous roar penetrated the mountain to its very center. The spirits of a million shrieking Aztecs seemed to fill the smoke-saturated atmosphere of the place. The earth shook and swayed in a mighty convulsion.

"We are lost!" shrieked Pepita, throwing herself upon Cyril. "The earthquake!"

With a crash the roof of the cavern split apart and tons on tons of earth and rock fell in. Another fearful reverberation followed on the heels of the first. The mountain shook and swayed again, and a deafening roar filled the ears of the now thoroughly terrified lads, who expected to be crushed in the falling debris. A great crack ran up through the solid mass of masonry at their back. Then, as the third and last shock of the earthquake came, the masonry crumbled away behind them. The whole mountain seemed to recede. Dust filled their eyes and choked them. The world seemed coming to an end. And then—the three boys knew no more. The morning sun was just peeping over the mountain ridge into the defile, covering the bleached trunk of the dead tree landmark with a blaze of glory, when Cyril Young opened his eyes upon the world once more.

"Where the dickens am I, and what has occurred?"

He lay on the edge of a mound of debris, and for some moments all he could do was to try and recover his confused senses. Then he rose on his elbow and looked around. At his side, with her lovely head pillowed on one arm, lay the Senorita Pepita Calderon, white and unconscious. With a cry of consternation Cyril sprang up and caught her into his arms.

"Great Scott! Something dreadful has hap-

panel!" he breathed, as he chafed her hands and face and tried to arouse the insensible girl.

He looked around him in wonder. Will Adams half-reclined against a huge boulder, a dark-red blood spot showing under his curly brown hair. While Corney McFaul was just come to himself, a yard away. Three empty American revolvers lay scattered on the ground, while three hats full of precious stones were glistening in the sunshine.

"Upon me sowl, are we alive or not?" ejaculated Corney, as he got on his feet and looked at Cyril, busy over Pepita.

"Oh, I guess we're alive all right," replied Cyril, as he noticed that the girl was beginning to revive and that Will was stirring.

"And how did we get here, do yez know? The last I remimber we were in the dark, wid the mountain tumblin' in upon us. Be the crook of St. Anthony! I niver thought to see the light of day ag'in."

"I never can tell you, Corney. My sensations were the same as yours—I thought my last hour had come. The earth was heaving and the rocks were caving in about us. The very end of the world seemed to be on hand."

"Glory be! That was the 'arthquake."

"I believe we're at the entrance to the mines, which must have opened up and let us out at the last minute."

Pepita opened her eyes like one in a daze.

"Where am I?" she murmured, in soft Spanish.

"Where do you think, sweetheart?" answered Cyril, fondly.

"My Cyril!" shrowing her arms about his neck.

"Pepita, darling!"

"Will yez listen to thot?" chuckled Corney to Will. "Isn't it a foine thing to make love in Spanish?"

The four young people stood up and took a survey of their surroundings. They found they were not far from the entrance to the defile. That part of the low-top mountain had been shattered by the throes of the earthquake. Behind them what had been the big cavern was now filled up with a confused mass of stone and rock. Only the two topmost stairs were visible of the flight which had led up to the gallery. Here and there under the debris an arm or a leg of one of the Mexican brigands protruded itself, a ghastly reminder of that night of horror.

The Spanish girl shuddered and turned away her head. Then they went out into the sunshine, after carefully gathering up the hats which contained the precious stones.

"Come, let us go down to our tent," said Cyril.

They took their way out of the defile and across the valley. When they came to the neighborhood where their canvas shelter had been erected they found that the bandits had cut it down, had scattered their belongings or carried them away, and had taken possession of their animals. It was a nice predicament they now found themselves in in the midst of the wilderness.

CHAPTER XVI.—A Golden Risk Ends With A Golden Harvest.

The boys, searching about the place, managed to find a can or two of American preserved chicken where the Greasers had thrown them, and

of the contents of these they made a satisfactory meal, washing it down with pure spring water. With pieces of the torn canvas they made three impromptu bags to carry the precious stones, tying the folding ends together as one does the cloth around a plum pudding before it is put into the pot to boil. Then they took up their line of march up the valley toward the waterfall.

They had not proceeded far before Corney, who was in advance, gave a shot of joy.

"Shure, there's the horses of thim defunct Greasers. Don't yez see thim nibblin' the grass wid all the contintment in the wurld?"

"You're right, Corney," answered Will. "This is great luck."

They waited for Cyril and Pepita to come up, to whom they pointed out the animals.

"We might as well take the whole caboodle with us. Don Jose will find them useful," said Will.

As they drew near the animals Corney suddenly uttered an exclamation.

"Look yonder, will yez? There's siveral horsemen comin' down the valley. Faix, I hope it ain't more of thim bandits. It's a nice kittle of fish we'd be in."

The newcomers were too far off to be identified, but they were approaching at a smart pace. There was no way of escaping the notice of the approaching horsemen, so the boys got out and reloaded their revolvers while they walked toward the tethered animals. One man in a broad sombrero rode ahead of the others, as if in command of the party. Something about him attracted and held the senorita's attention. She gripped Cyril's arm tightly and stopped him, then leaned forward, her lips half parted in her excitement.

"Mi padre!" (My father) she screamed.

Her cry arrested Will and Corney.

"By George! It's Don Jose!" cried Will, in high glee.

"Don Hosey, is it? Hurroo! The country's saved, so it is!"

It was, indeed, Don Jose Calderon, with half a dozen of his peon servitors, all well armed, who were bowling down the valley in search of Garcia Gonzalez and Pepita. The meeting between father and daughter was a joyful one. And when she had explained to her parent how Cyril had rescued her, saving her life at the risk of his own, with the assistance of his brave young companions, the haciendado, as Don Jose was called, was profuse in this thanks, not only to Cyril, whom he regarded with the warmest friendship, but to the other boys as well.

After the story of their thrilling adventures had been told, the entire party, with the horses of the bandits in charge, turned their faces up the valley and toward the Calderon hacienda. They put up at a roadside inn that night, and next day they reached Don Jose's home, to the great happiness of the distressed donna, Pepita's mother. There was high jinks about the hacienda for the rest of that day and well into the evening. It might be said that the American boys owned the place. Don Jose and his wife couldn't do enough for them, while the servitors took off their hats to them and bowed low with the greatest of respect every time they appeared. While Will and Corney were having the time of their lives, Cyril and Pepita were enjoying themselves in their own way. They were sitting in the

central patio under the shade of a big pecan tree. They seemed to be very happy, indeed, together.

"Pepita, I am soon going back to the United States—to my father's home on Staten Island, in the State of New York."

"No, no!" she cried, earnestly, nestling close to him. "You must not go. You must stay here with me. I should die if you left me."

"I'm afraid I can't stay, Pepita. I must return, for I have yet to go through college. But I will come back next summer—and every summer until I graduate. And then you will marry me, and come back North with me, and be my little wife forever more, will you not?"

"Your wife! Yes, I love you. The whole world is as nothing to me without you. You saved me from Senor Gonzalez, whom I hated, and my very life I also owe to you. I am yours forever."

And so it came about that Cyril, before they took their departure for home, had an interview with Don Jose, the subject of which was the utmost importance both to himself and Pepita. The result proved to be quite satisfactory to Cyril Young. Don Jose was perfectly satisfied to accept the fine young American as his future son-in-law. Cyril met with an equally happy reception from the donna. A grand party was held at the hacienda to mark the formal betrothal of the two young people. We are sorry to record, however, that Corney forgot himself on this occasion. Between the bright eyes of Mercedes, Pepita's maid, and the hilarity of the afternoon and evening, Corney forgot that it was wine instead of water he was drinking, and the result was that a couple of sturdy Mexican peons had to be called into requisition to carry him off to bed. The boy's bedroom was on the upper (second) floor, and opened onto the central court. It was late when they awoke, and then Will began to joke Corney on the big head he got the night before.

"Why, you're not sober yet; what are you talking about?" laughed Will.

"Is thot so? Don't yez fool yoursilf. Shure, St. Patrick niver was more sober than I am at this moment, plase the pigs."

All at once his eyes rested on a huge tarantula, a poisonous species of spider, which was making its way out of one of his shoes, which lay on the matting.

"Howiy mother of Moses! What's thot!" he gasped, with staring eyes.

"What's what?"

"Why, thot thing," and Corney pointed in terror at the immense insect.

Will detected the tarantula at once, but, instead of remarking its presence, he winked at Cyril and said:

"There's nothing there."

"Nothin' there?" roared Corney. "Is it blind yez are this mornin'? Can't yez see thot big bug crawlin' out of me shoe?"

Will shook his head solmenly.

"I'm afraid you've got 'em, Corney."

"Got whot?"

"The jim-jams."

"Do yez mane to say there ain't any bug walkin' over thot mattin'!"

"Nary bug," grinned Will, while Cyril had to stow the bed-clothes in his mouth to keep from laughing outright.

"Thin it's bewitched I am. Git a docther right away, for the love of hivin. I've got a faver or some other Mexican disease."

That settled it. Cyril and Will roared, and then Corney discovered he was the butt of a joke.

"Faix, I'll git aven yid yez two for thot, so I will."

Then he grabbed up his trousers, shook them for fear of concealed centipedes, and then got into them as soon as he could. A few days later the boys started for the City of Mexico en route for the United States. Cyril and Pepita had a tearful parting, but they were young and the future full of golden hopes for them, which they expected some day to realize. Some of the finest gems in the collection the boys had brought away from the mines of Montezuma, now lost probably beyond all hope of recovery, were unanimously presented to Pepita before they left. The gems, being worth all of three hundred thousand dollars, according to Don Jose, were carefully made up into parcels and consigned to Senor Luis Pacheco, an expert in the capital city, on the advice of the owner of the hacienda, to be disposed of at the best figure obtainable, as the young Americans would not have been able to carry the gems across the border without paying a high duty, which, of course, they were not in a position to do.

When they arrived home at Staten Island they found that Cyril's father, mother and sister had returned from their European trip. As a matter of course, the boys had a long and thrilling story to tell, not the least interesting part of which was concentrated about the lovely daughter of the noble Spaniard, Don Jose, of the Calderon hacienda. Cyril, as a matter of course, kept his promise to return to Mexico during the following summer, and he was accompanied by Will and Corney as a select bodyguard. Each summer while at Princeton he spent at the Calderon hacienda. A few days after he graduated, quite a party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Young, Edith Young, Mr. George Adams, Cyril, Will and Corney, set out for Mexico, and were received at the hacienda with great honor.

The marriage of Cyril and Pepita, now lovely beyond all compare in her glorious ripening womanhood, took place in the Catholic Church of the Assumption, in the neighboring town, and the ceremony was performed by the bishop of the diocese. They left for Vera Cruz, en route for Europe, next day, while the American party remained two weeks to enjoy the bountiful hospitality of the hacienda. Corney, who called himself an Irish grande, with his one hundred thousand dollars, married Mercedes, the maid of Senorita Calderon, and eventually took up his permanent residence in Mexico with Cyril and his young Spanish bride. Will came to see them once in a while with his American wife, and those occasions were particularly happy ones for the boys whose Gold Risk had turned up trumps.

Next week's issue will contain "FIGHTING FOR FAME; or, THE LUCK OF A YOUNG CONTRACTOR."

CURRENT NEWS

PETRIFIED "AGATE TREE" USED AS A BRIDGE

The greatest wonder of the Petrified Forest is the agate bridge. This is a huge tree trunk, 100 feet long, spanning a 60-foot chasm, says *Nature Magazine*. The entire tree is made up of agates, jaspers, chalcedony and other highly colored and handsome stones. In the canyon directly below the agate bridge is a pool of water and around it grow the only trees in the whole country.

POODLE PICKS OUT OWNER

A French poodle decided its own case in the Englewood Court, Chicago, enacting the final scene which determined the ownership of the dog.

Judge Barasa set the stage. He stood at one end of the courtroom, holding the poodle while Mrs. Albert Evers, No. 6208 South Rockwell street, and Mrs. Mary Creighton, No. 6147 South Rockwell street, stood anxiously at the other end. Mrs. Creighton said the dog's name was Dixie, while Mrs. Evers claimed the poodle as Tootsie.

At a signal the judge released the dog. Dixie-

Tootsie first ran to Mrs. Creighton, sniffed and then to Mrs. Evers.

"Tootsie it shall be," ordered Judge Barasa.

PAINTING IN LIGHT ON THE RIVER THAMES

From London comes an interesting news item describing a new conception in art—painting in light. F. Gregory Brown, an English poster artist, proposes to use the blackness of night as his background, colored incandescent lights as his pigments, and the smooth surface of the Thames, as the canvas upon which his creations will be reflected.

"The idea was born from the riot of colored lights in Piccadilly Circus," said Mr. Brown recently. "This uncontrolled anarchy of color, I thought, was merely the first stage. Why should it not be brought within the rules of harmony in line as well as color; why not pictures painted in light as well as pigment?"

It is reported in the *Edison Monthly* that thousands of pounds are to be spent on the scheme and that when completed it will be one of the sights of the world.

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— OR —

THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOY PROSPECTORS

By GASTON GARNE

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"I hardly know," was the faint reply. "I'm afraid I'm all in, boys. My heart's all wrong—has been this long time. I was about worn out before. The shock of it all last night has been too much for me."

"Cheer up," said Jack. "Tell us your name."

"My name? It's Ben Budd. I'm an old prospector. I was in the first rush to the Klondike long ago."

"We are prospectors, too. My name is Jack Fennister. My friend is Arthur Morley. What happened?"

"We run on a rock and went all to pieces in a moment."

"Steamer?"

"Yes; the old Queen."

"You don't say! Any lives lost?"

"There were six in our boat—it was the mate's. She capsized. I doubt if any one escaped but me. I'm an expert swimmer and struck out. At last I got hold of that rock and called for help, not daring to hope it would come. The captain's boat may have come out all right. You haven't seen anybody?"

"Nobody but you, sir."

"Then probably I'm the only one. What place is this?"

"Kettle Island."

"Heavens! You don't mean it! How strange!" cried the old man, trying to rise.

"What is strange?" asked Jack.

"Why, I worked a claim in this island ten years ago."

"We found the old workings. There's pay quartz there still, but it's nothing but a prospect hole."

"It is the top of an ore chimney, boy. I took sixty thousand out of that same hole, I want you to understand. This is my old shack, then. Strange that I should return here to die."

"Oh, don't talk of dying," cried Jack, cheerfully. "Let me give you your breakfast and then you'll feel better. We have a big motor boat. We shall be soon pulling out of here. Where do you want to go?"

"I was heading for Prince Rupert, where I expected to get work. I have no people and no settled home. The last was Vancouver. Perhaps I shall pull out of this. Hard to tell."

As talking seemed to tire him and his breath grew more labored, Jack said no more then.

Ben Budd displayed but small appetite for breakfast and less for dinner. As the day wore on it became evident that he was slowly sinking. Towards dusk he grew slightly delirious and kept

calling out to an imaginary woman named "Aggie." At last he slept.

It had turned cooler and Jack built a fire in the old wood stove they found in the shack.

At nine o'clock he and Arthur were sitting by it smoking their pipes. But Budd still slumbered. His breathing had become fainter than ever and his face was fearfully white.

"Guess the old fellow was right when he said he was all in," remarked Jack, looking over at him. "He still breathes, but that's about all. I shouldn't wonder if he never woke."

"He's waking now," whispered Arthur, as Budd with a deep sigh opened his eyes.

"So I'm still here," he murmured faintly.

"Right here," replied Jack, looking down on him. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Nothing. I am surely all in, as I told you. Listen here, boys; I'm going to let you into a secret. If you are prospectors, know your business and have courage enough to brave real hardships—death perhaps—I can put you next to the greatest gold prospect ever if what was told me is true. It will never be of any use to me."

"That's what we want, Mr. Budd," cried Jack. "Let it come. We are all attention."

"It's this way," continued the dying miner, for dying he surely was; "I've been mixed up with all sorts of queer people in my time. Just before I left Vancouver on this trip there was an old prospector like myself named Adams, a man of more education and intelligence than I ever dared to be, who came to the house where I boarded. He was dead broke and all in like myself and I was with him when he died. He told me how five years ago he got down into the lava country in Yye County, Southern Nevada, which as mebbe you know is the most horrible country in all the world. Worse even than the borax country, if anything."

"I've read all about it," said Jack, as the old man paused for breath. "It's below the great desert."

"Yes; well, Adams told me that while there he located an old lake bottom where the sand is chock full of gold nuggets, some of 'em as big as your fist. He brought out a few, but his mule died on him, water and grub ran out and he had to make a quick getaway as best he could on foot. The wonder was he ever did get out of it alive; wouldn't have if he hadn't happened to run into a party of prospectors traveling in their private cars, who took pity on him and ran him down into Arizona. He never said a word to them about his find, though. He swore he never told a soul but me. He never got back there, neither. Boys, I believe every word he told me. I am satisfied that there's millions lying in that old lake bottom waiting for somebody. Of course it was out of the question for me to think of trying to get in there, but you two are young and strong, and what's been done once can be done again. So there's my secret. Make what you can out of it. You are right welcome, for you did your best to save me."

"But how are we ever to find the place, Mr. Budd?" asked Jack, whose interest in all this had become intense.

(To be continued.)

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

ALLIGATOR TIES UP NEW ORLEANS TRAFFIC

Traffic stopped at Camp and Gravier streets the other afternoon at 6.30 when an alligator five feet long waddled across the street. It paid no attention to traffic signals. Traffic Policeman John Kent tried to stop the saurian but he waddled on. A rope was secured. The 'gator was lassoed.

Then great crowds gathered while he was hoisted into a patrol wagon. At headquarters Supt. Molony knew not what to do with him. None of the zoos wanted him. Finally a contractor agreed to give him a home.

TWO DWARFED SONS HID IN MANSION

An inventory of the household effects of a Granada composer, Ladipo, who died recently, revealed the existence of two of the strangest beings Spain has seen in years. Ladipo lived with his servants.

Authorities discovered the musician had two sons, each 3 feet 1 inch tall, their bodies perfectly proportioned, but with small heads. They spoke feebly, like voices far away.

The servants said the dwarfs, Jose and Fernando, forty-two and forty years old, had never been outside of the big house, do not know how to eat humanly, have no notion of time and cannot read.

Senor Lapido concealed them because he was ashamed of their deformity, it is believed. If given proper instruction they will be normal.

ZOO ELEPHANT HAILS HER RETURNED MAHOUT

Last year, on Good Friday, Indirani, the Zoo's largest riding elephant, received in the year 1920 as a gift from the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, went on strike, refusing to obey the orders of her English keepers. As the elephant was only stubborn and not vicious it was decided to import a mahout from India to see what could be done with her. The result of this experiment was surprisingly successful, for the native succeeded within a few days in obtaining a perfect command over the animal. Last autumn the mahout departed for his native land. Since his departure the elephant has been exercised by her white keeper and has behaved in an exemplary manner. To guard against a recurrence of bad behavior on her part this summer the Zoo authorities arranged for a return visit of the mahout. The welcome he received from Indirani was quite extraordinary, the elephant going mad with joy on the appearance of her former master. So pleased was she that eventually she became ill with excitement.

STEEPLEJACK'S LIFE SAVED BY FIREMAN

For three hours and twenty minutes Art Campbell, steeplejack, hung to a slender scantling seventy feet above the ground inside a 120-

foot smokestack of the Sioux City Brick and Tile Company, after a scaffold on which he had been working crashed to the earth below.

Momentarily the scantling threatened to give way, while firemen worked to save Campbell's life. While they worked a forty-mile gale threatened to blow their ladders from the stack and spectators far below shouted up to them to abandon their efforts before they were swept from the giant chimney to certain death.

Ladders, lengthened out to the full extent, failed to reach the top of the stack. Attempts were made to shoot ropes over the top of the chimney, but the high wind carried the ropes far from the mark.

The ladders were then shortened until they reached a point six feet above the point where Campbell clung for life, and the firemen chisled a hole through the brick wall, sixteen inches thick. As the chisel broke through the thick wall the firemen heard Campbell say, "Thank God." A rope was thrust through the aperture and the steeplejack lowered to the bottom of the pit.

When the steeplejack was taken from the pit it was found that his arms were numb from the hours of clinging to the scantling.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS

RADIO FOR LEPERS

Off Porto Rico, on Cabras Island, the lepers are quarantined and lead a dreary life, as they may not communicate with the outside world, but now things have changed, and the outside world is brought to them by means of radio. When it was being adjusted there never was a more interested lot of spectators. Rev. Charles B. Bare and two assistants put it up in the clubhouse of the island, and when the "loud speaker" is adjusted the listeners will be able to hear concerts, lectures and everything else in all the large cities of the United States. The superintendent of the island says there will be seats enough for all, so that they may be comfortable while enjoying the concerts.

SHOULD RECEIVERS BE RATED IN OHMS?

The policy of selling headsets on the strength of their direct-current resistance is held to be wrong by many radio engineers. It is claimed that the average 2,000-ohm headset is as sensitive, and in many instances even more so, than the receiver with a resistance of 4,000 ohms. Radio receivers should be rated by their impedance. The impedance varies, of course, with the frequency of the current. One well-known headset manufacturer has taken as a standard 1,000 cycles, and at this frequency his headsets have an impedance of 22,000 ohms. It has been found that this is the resistance of the average crystal or tube circuit. This in itself, however, does not guarantee the efficiency of a headset, since there are many other requirements and features that determine the operating efficiency and sensitivity of the radio headset.

THE RADIOTRON UV-201-A

The Radiotron UV-201-A is an improved high vacuum tube suitable for detection, radio-amplification. It contains the new thoriated tungsten filament, the characteristics of which are long life, low power consumption and low operating temperature, and it consumes only one-quarter of an ampere (0.25 ampere). If the filament voltage is supplied by a six-volt battery, the resistance of the filament rheostat should be at least four ohms. It will be noted that the current consumption is very low; in fact, five tubes of the UV-201-A may be operated with the same expenditure of energy as is generally called for by a single tube of standard type. The UV-201-A, however, is microphonic and should be mounted on cushion or spring supports to prevent noise from vibration. The life of this new tube is usually ended by a decrease in electron emission. This is indicated by an increase in the filament voltage required for satisfactory operation.

MAN MADE LIGHTNING.

Four hundred electrical engineers who were attending the spring meeting of the American In-

stitute of Electrical Engineers at Pittsburgh were startled recently while visiting the Westinghouse New High Voltage Testing Laboratory at Trafford when 1,000,000 volts were shot into two brass spheres placed several feet apart. The unexpected display and its resulting blinding flash similar to a streak of lightning out of a clear sky and the crashing noise, man-made thunder which could be heard a mile away, nearly knocked several of the engineers off their feet.

A wonderful illuminating effect was next produced by drawing a high voltage arc over a distance of 25 feet; this demonstration, which lasted for three minutes, lighted up the entire laboratory.

The laboratory is equipped with 1,000,000 and 500,000 volts testing transformers, and apparatus for testing electrical apparatus and insulation under the most unfavorable climatic and installation conditions.

CARE FOR YOUR RADIO TUBES

The radio fan is apt to experience disappointment when he finds that the high voltage leads from the "B" battery have been accidentally connected across the filament posts of his receiver and one or more tubes are burned out.

Although the normal life of the average Radiotron filament is considerably more than 1,000 hours, it requires but an instant to destroy this delicate filament when excessive voltages are applied to the terminals.

When filaments are shorted across a twenty, forty or sixty-volt battery in new condition, the "burn-out" requires but a fraction of a second and unless the user happens to be inspecting the tube at the instant of the flash, the damage would not be discovered until the set was used again. It is a very easy matter to protect tube filaments by either of the following means:

Insert a 100-ohm (non-inductive) resistance for each 22-volt block of "B" battery in the circuit next to the positive terminal of the "B" battery. This resistance may be left permanently in the circuit without any effects whatsoever in the normal life of the receiving set.

Probably the most convenient form of resistance is a 25-watt, 110-volt tungsten lamp, which will provide sufficient protection for plate voltages up to and including 100 volts. This resistance automatically increases with the current so as to act, in effect, as a protective ballast lamp.

RADIO DRAMA

Philadelphians and those who listen in to the Philadelphia stations had an opportunity recently to hear a real "radio drama"—one written especially for broadcasting. The play, a three-act melodrama, "The Secret Wave," was written by Clyde Agnew Criswell, who, with Walter Greenough, developed the "radio drama technique." It was broadcast from WDAR.

"When the moving picture was invented it was found that dramas written for the stage were not suited for filming," Mr. Greenough says; "a new technique had to be developed before the motion picture industry could go forward. It is the same with radio. A new way of writing had to be developed before radio dramas could be as complete and entertaining as the legitimate stage and the moving picture have become.

"The difficulty the moving picture had to overcome was the inability of the players to speak; with radio the difficulty is to supply scenery. Several plays have been broadcast by various stations successfully because it has been left entirely to the listener's imagination to build scenery to fit the words coming through his head phones.

"But it is possible to use the voices of the speakers to show the scenery as well as to carry on the action of the play, and, in addition, to take advantage of many things not possible on the stage or in the films. For instance, the dialogue can continue from scene to scene, a thing not possible on the stage."

WGY, Schenectady, has broadcast several plays, but these were all plays intended for the stage and not for the studio. The local stations have broadcast several plays direct from the stage, and there is no doubt of the popularity of radio entertainment.

RADIO AND RAIN

Since the announcement in February that army aviators flying over McCook Field, near Dayton, Ohio, had succeeded in dispelling clouds by means of electrically-charged particles of sand, considerable discussion has been rampant about the ability of man to control the elemental forces of fogs, clouds and rain. The theory advanced by Prof. Wilder D. Bancroft of Cornell University and L. Francis Warren, who devised the method used by the army aviators, has never been actually disproved. Neither has it been proved to the satisfaction of all scientists. It was devised upon the assumption that spraying the minute drops charged sand would cause negatively charged of water which form clouds with positively charged drops to coalesce.

The experiments have been carried on by the army air service and attention is called to the fact that the service has not been interested in causing rain but in dispelling fogs from landing fields. The clouds attacked by the aviators have contained very little moisture, so it has never been scientifically established that the method would actually cause rain.

Almost all of the United States has been treated (or subjected, depending upon your point of view) to excessive rainfall during the past year. Last summer brought more than the average amount of rainfall and the past winter has brought to the East, at least, an unusual amount of snowfall. The theory has been advanced that the extensive use of radio has brought about a super-charged condition in the upper strata of atmosphere and as so affected the clouds as to cause excessive rain and snow fall. Whether or not the theory is correct, we do not know. It has never been scientifically proved. The experiences of the army aviators would lead to the conclusion that an electrical disturbance in the atmos-

phere has some effect upon moisture. Experiments have been conducted in an effort to broadcast electrical power by radio. It is not altogether impossible to believe that at some future time this method of power transmission may be as common as the present-day method. It is not altogether impossible that the same future may see vast acreages of untillable soil rendered cultivatable by an electrification of the air by power transmitted by radio.

A GOOD HOOK-UP

It is unfortunate that not a few of the hook-ups diagrammed by experts for amateurs either have left out some essential point or the drawing is so sketchy that the poor amateur is driven back and forth from his apparatus to the retailer, to the "immediate" profit of the latter unless he be especially scrupulous.

As has been indicated in more than one high-grade periodical devoted to the radio industry, this profit of the dealer is only immediate for unscrupulous members of the trade can kill the goose which lays the golden eggs—and a careful survey of conditions has brought about the conclusion that the goose is already gasping.

A hook-up for one step of radio frequency amplification is perhaps the most generally interesting problem for the amateur who has got beyond his first plunge into radio development. Of the many which have been outlined during the past month there is printed herewith a descriptive diagram, planned by one of the editors of the *Radio News*.

Place three UV-201 lamps in a row, the F's toward you. Between the first and second place a radio frequency amplifying transformer and put an audio frequency amplifier between the second and third lamps. Leave a one-inch space between each of them. Place a rheostat a few inches in front of each lamp. One wire from the tuner is connected to the G on the lamp. Run a wire from the P to the primary of the radio transformer. A wire run from the secondary to the g on the middle lamp, and another from the P to primary g of the audio transformer. From the secondary a wire goes to the g on the last lamp and one side of the phone is connected to a wire from the P on the last lamp.

Next run a wire from due F to the first rheostat and connect the second tuner lead to this wire. Then run a wire from the second F to the positive pole of a 6-volt battery. Tap in a wire on this lead, run it eighth and tap in a wire to it from each of the other two rheostats.

Next run a wire from the primary of the radio transformer to the negative of a B battery and a line from the positive of the audio transformer to the same battery. From the second secondary of the radio transformer run a wire down and tap into the lead between the lamp F and the secondary rheostat. Run a line from the second secondary on the audio transformer to the line between the last rheostat and the F on the third lamp, and solder it. The other phone wire is fastened to the negative of the B battery. Now a wire runs down from each remaining F on the lamps to the positive of the A battery and the circuit is complete. Attached to a one-lamp set this hook-up will give three stages of amplification.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, JUNE 29, 1923

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

LARGEST CHIMNEY IN ENGLAND

The largest chimney in the British Isles is to be erected at Coventry. It is to be 365 feet high. The world's highest chimney is at Great Falls, Mont., standing 506 feet above its foundations.

GIANT NEW ZEALAND TREE

One of the largest, if not the largest trees in the world has been discovered in the bush at Waihou, Hokianga, New Zealand. It is a huge kauri tree, the vast trunk rising to a height of 75 feet before being broken by the first branch, and measuring 22 feet in diameter and 66 feet, or approximately a chain, in girth.

A well known bush expert estimates the tree to contain more than 195,000 superficial feet of timber, sufficient to build three double storied hotels of twenty rooms each from floor to ceiling.

PLANK TELLS OF SEA LOSS

A bit of plank tossed by the Atlantic for five years, drifted into St. Johns, N. B., the home port of the schooner E. E. Armstrong, recently, bearing a message which was believed to clear up the mystery of the Armstrong's disappearance in 1918.

"Lost ship and crew," said the message carved on the bit of driftwood. "Capt Burns (Me.) survives."

Capt. Burns was the commander of the missing schooner, last heard from near the Barbados. He probably did not survive long, as he never was heard from after the vessel dropped from the high seas.

TROUT FIGHTS FOR LIFE 35 MINUTES

A fishing record for New York waters was made the other day when a nineteen-pound brown trout was captured in Loon Lake, near Malone, N. Y., by A. E. Paye. The great fish gave its captor a long and wearing struggle before it surrendered its life.

Mr. Paye, one of the County Supervisors, was

fishing in company with E. R. Hayes of Loon Lake, using an Archie spinner and minnow with a steel rod. When the fish struck it was realized that a large catch was hooked, but the fishermen thought it was a "laker," which sometimes reaches large size in these waters. They were therefore greatly surprised when it proved to be a brown trout.

From the moment of the strike a battle was on. Again and again in repeated rushes the big fish ran out Mr. Paye's reel until nearly the whole of his line was in the water, and at times the tackle was under perilous strain. The struggle lasted thirty-five minutes before the fish, in exhaustion, gave up. M. Paye has entered his prize in a contest for a reel offered by a Malone firm.

LAUGHS

"Good Heavens, man; pretty badly smashed up, ain't you? Anybody with you?" "Yes, the chap who was trying to sell me this used car."

He—Why do you talk continually from morning until night? She—It's the only time I get. I sleep from night till morning.

Orchestra Drummer—I'm the fastest man in the world. Violinist—How's that? O. D.—Time flies, doesn't it? V.—So they say. O. D.—Well, I beat time.

"Mamma, what's in the package?" "While at the butcher's, dear, I got some lights for the cat." "Mamma, if I ate lights could I see in the dark like kitty?"

Nurse—Why, Bobby, you selfish little boy! Why didn't you give your sister a piece of your apple? Bobby—I gave her the seeds. She can plant 'em and have a whole orchard.

Teacher—Now, boys, what creature is satisfied with the least amount of nourishment? Up shot the hand of Johnnie Thompson, the dunce of the class. "Well, Johnnie," said the teacher, "and what creature is it?" "The moth, miss," replied Johnnie, "because it only eats holes."

Magistrate—Do you mean to say such a physical wreck as your husband gave you that black eye? Plaintiff—Your Washup, e' wasn't a physical wreck until e' gave me the black eye.

Dick's parents are well-meaning but a trifle too strict, believing that "to spare the rod is to spoil the child." When Dick was asked by a friend of the family what he would like to be when he grew up, he replied, readily, "An orphan."

Wife—I found an egg in the coal-bin this morning. That's a queer place for a hen to lay in. Husband—Just the place, my dear, just the place. Wife—Just the place? Husband—Why, certainly. If our hens begin to lay in coal for us we won't need to mind how the price goes.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

HORNED OWLS FEAST ON YOUNG PIGS

Horned owls are believed guilty of carrying off young pigs from Puget Sound ranches. The carcasses of several month-old pigs were recently found in the limbs of fir trees, with full-fed owls sleeping away the daylight hours further above. The owls also carry off large salmon and impale them on splintered boughs of tall trees.

COOL CHILD SAVES CHILD

Hans, five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Siverts, was saved from death in Spring Creek, near Golden Valley, N. D., by Carl Maxie, seven years old.

Hans tumbled into the creek, which is swollen by the recent rains. Carl peeped over the bank to determine that his playmate had landed in the water and then ran to a point a short distance below, where the current cut in close to the bank.

He arrived there ahead of Hans, who soon came down the creek, his protruding foot giving the only indication of his presence. Carl grabbed the foot and soon had Hans on dry land, where neighbors revived him.

MONUMENT TO A TREE

Inanimate objects are not often memorialized, and Nebraska has gone ahead of other States in erecting a memorial to a tree. It is a wide stretch between New York and San Francisco, but about half way between, on the plains of Nebraska, there stood, when the "forty-niners" were going west, a cottonwood tree, about five feet in diameter. It was a beauty, and the only big tree in an immense area, so thousands of gold seekers sought its grateful shade, and spread abroad the location for other campers who were to follow. It was sentinel and guide for the prairie schooners until the Union Pacific Railroad laid its tracks and ran its trains. The tree finally died, but some of those whom it had sheltered erected a monument which represents the trunk of a cottonwood and bears the inscription: "On this spot stood the original Lone Tree, on the old California trail."

THREE OF ONE FAMILY REUNITED BY CHANCE

Fate reunited father, mother and daughter at the Texas and Pacific Railroad station, Fort Worth, Tex., after a period of eighteen years' separation. Early in the morning Mary Ellis, eighteen, arrived in the city and asked of the Travellers' Aid to be directed to a nice hotel.

Half an hour later the girl's mother, from whom she had been separated since shortly after the girl's birth, arrived in the city and asked of the Travellers' Aid information concerning a certain firm. Casually glancing over the register she noticed a name which appeared familiar—the name of her daughter. She inquired of the girl's whereabouts, and was directed to the hotel to which the girl had been sent.

In a few minutes mother and child were reunited.

Two hours later George Ellis, St. Louis detective, arrived in Fort Worth in search of an alleged girl forger. At the Travellers' Aid office at the railroad station he encountered the address of a girl whose description resembled that of the girl he sought, and found that it was his daughter, who, however, proved not to be the alleged forger.

Going to the hotel, he was met by his wife. Mrs. Ellis fainted upon the sight of her husband, whom she had not seen for more than eighteen years.

Later in the day, Mrs. Ellis told newspaper men of how her husband disappeared shortly before the birth of her daughter from their home in Newport, R. I. When the baby was born she was given into custody of a sister of Mr. Ellis who reared the child as her own. Mrs. Ellis declared that she had believed her husband dead.

The reunited family will return to Chicago, where Ellis is employed.

THE KILLER WHALE

A model of the dreadful Killer—the "wolf of the sea"—is to be seen in the American Museum of Natural History.

The Killer—or Orca—looks like a small whale or big dolphin. Its length varies from twenty to thirty feet. Its jaws are prolonged into a beak filled with strong, large teeth. Commercially, the Killer is of practically no value, its blubber containing little oil. It is found in almost every ocean of the world, being abundant in Japan.

Roy C. Andrews of the museum tells some interesting facts about the Killer in his "Whale Hunting with Gun and Camera." Killers will apparently eat anything that swims, says Mr. Andrews. There is a record of thirteen porpoises and fourteen seals being taken from the stomach of a 21-foot specimen.

They set upon a young whale, baiting him like so many bulldogs. Some will lay hold of his tail to keep him from threshing, while others attack his head, until the poor creature, becoming overheated, lolls out his tongue. This is what the Killers have been playing for. They instantly catch hold of his lips, and if possible, his tongue. They feed chiefly on the head, leaving the carcass when it begins to putrefy.

The sperm whale is probably the only marine animal which is more than a match for a herd of Killers. The gray whale, ordinarily the cleverest of all large whales, becomes so terrified when threatened by a Killer that he either dashes madly for the shore or rolls over on his back paralyzed with fright.

Not even ships can daunt the ferocious Killer, which frequently helps whaling parties by terrifying the mutual prey into non-resistance. Mr. Andrews testifies to an attack made on a man and several dogs standing on a cake of ice. The Killers hurled themselves from below and thrust their great heads through the cracks, snapping their jaws viciously. Fortunately, man and dogs were just out of reach.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

COYOTES KILLING BIG GOATS

Coyotes are actually wiping out the goats, one of the most important agricultural lines in Oregon, and goat owners are seeking relief, according to a report of County Agent Beck, just returned from the Nashville-Nortons district. The coyotes are becoming so predacious they kill big goats and sheep.

AIRPLANE HUNTS FOR MULES

Folks who think spending an afternoon in an airplane is a nice, expensive luxury, would have been scandalized recently when C. W. Kraul, rancher, of Lindsey, Cal., hired an aviator and his plane and went out hunting for his mules.

Hunting lost mules by airplane is declared the very newest in stunts. Mr. Kraul, with Orval Freeman, local airman, soared high, and as they flew Kraul scanned the landscape with a powerful glass, finally being rewarded by the discovery of the three lost mules, which had strayed away three days before.

MINISTER SAVES HIS DOG

It cost the Rev. I. A. Storey, pastor of the Colored-Methodist church, El Dorado, Kan., \$6.66 to secure the return of his dog, after it had been captured by Joel Robinson, a negro, who is a dog catcher.

The dog was taken into custody several days ago by Robinson, when he found it running at large. It, with a number of other dogs, was shipped to Kansas University to be used by medical students. The Rev. Mr. Storey wired the officials not to kill it, but to ship it back to El Dorado. This was done, but it cost the minister \$3.66 express charges.

After the dog arrived here the Rev. Mr. Storey secured a city license for it. That cost \$2. The minister then was fined \$1 for allowing his dog to run at large, bringing the costs to \$6.66.

ICEBERGS ARE MOST DANGEROUS IN SPRING

Contrary to the belief of many people, the season when icebergs are most dangerous to ships in the North Atlantic is not in the winter but in the spring and summer, when the big bergs break away from the fields during the winter and drift into the lane of ships. In winter the floating fields of ice are so frozen together that they offer but little danger to ships. The small drifts that float into the North Atlantic in winter may easily be ploughed through by a big ship without any difficulty. In clear weather icebergs may be seen at a great distance so that ships may change their course and avoid collision. The chief difficulty in the spring and summer lies in the presence of fog that usually surrounds a huge berg, so that it cannot be seen. The United States Coastguard maintains a fleet of cutters whose duty it is not only to warn other ships of the presence of icebergs but to dynamite and destroy the bergs if possible. The work must be done carefully, for

there is great likelihood of the explosive merely destroying the top of the berg, leaving the bulk of it floating beneath the surface and more dangerous to ships, since it cannot be detected until the vessel is upon it.

A MUSICAL PIG

There has been added to the collections in the Indian Religious Room of the British Museum a recently acquired granite figure of Nandi, the bull of Siva, the god of destruction. This animal is very frequently represented in Hindu religious art, but the specimen now exhibited is the best and by far the largest possessed by the museum. For the granite sculpture is very beautiful, and is so finely carved as to seem full of life. It may date from the fourteenth century. It was probably brought to England in the eighteenth century, and formed part of the Stowe House collection.

The Department of Ethnography has just acquired a small but interesting ethnological collection from what was formerly known as German New Guinea, but is now Australian mandated territory. Before the war most of the specimens from this region naturally went to Germany, but they are now finding their way to other countries.

Perhaps the most curious of the new objects is a musical instrument carved in the shape of a pig. This comes from New Ireland, an island in the Bismarck Archipelago which was renamed New Mecklenburg by the Germans and has now received back its original name. This instrument is made of a section of a tree trunk about a foot in diameter. It has three upstanding keys, which are played by rubbing the palms of the hands with resin from the breadfruit tree and then passing them over the keys, the principle being that of the musical glasses. The instrument is engraved with inlaid ornament. The pig's eyes are represented by the opercula of shells. This instrument, of which the museum already possessed one specimen, but an entirely undecorated one, is peculiar to New Ireland.

Another object of great interest is a head-dress made of cassowary plumes. It folds up into a very small compass and opens out to make a dignified panache. This specimen comes from ex-German New Guinea. Another curious object is a nut, about the size of a Brazil nut, from which the kernel has been extracted. It is carved outside with a human face. The nutshell is so fashioned as to emit a sharp clicking noise, when clipped by the thumb nail. This sound, which resembles the click of a castanet, is a love-call and is used by a lover to summon his beloved. This also comes from ex-German New Guinea.

A Chinese carving on a white stone, which has been added to the collection in this department, represents two figures of Kwan-Yin, the goddess of mercy and relief. The inscription reads, "Two Kwan-Yins on white jade, one on behalf of deceased ancestors seven generations back, and the other on behalf of my deceased husband, that he may meet Buddha and hear the law." It is followed by a date equivalent to A. D. 552.

STONE-EATING ANIMALS

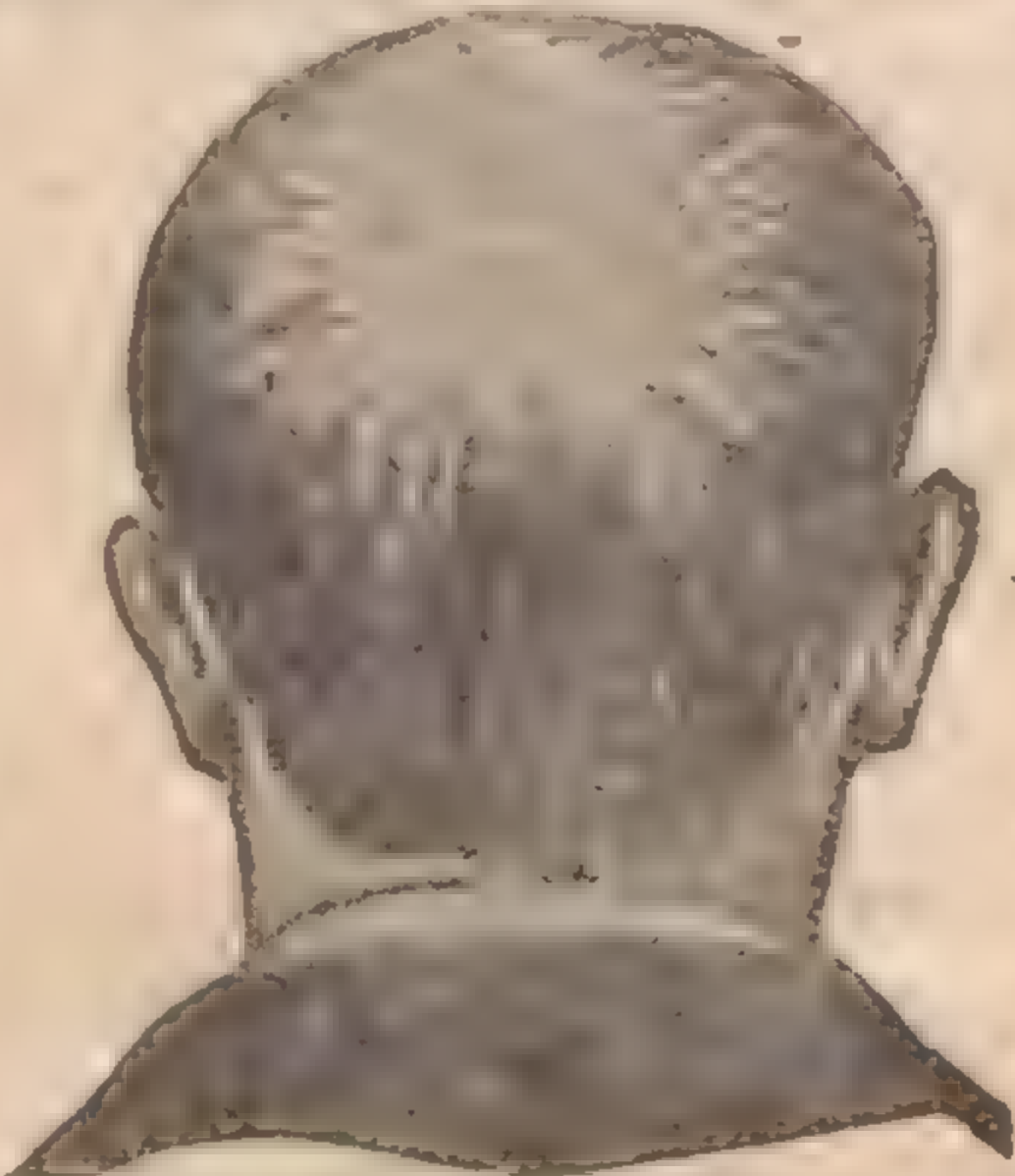
Stones are commonly found in the stomach of the crab-eating seal of the Antarctic Seas; and it is believed that they, with a certain amount of grit, are scooped up with the crustacea from the bottom of the sea. The emperor penguin, on the other hand, shows an instinctive craving for stones for gizzard-grinding purposes; for these stones must be assiduously sought, since these birds never rest upon dry land, but only upon ice. The fate of stones swallowed by birds is not easy to determine.

Another unexpected name in this list of stone-swallowers is that of the Lesser Rorqual. This is a "baleen" whale, feeding upon minute crustacea and fish. From the peculiar method of feeding which is, so to speak, forced upon this animal, it is unlikely that any portion of its food is scooped up from the sea floor; hence the pebbles found in its stomach must be deliberately swallowed, and it is supposed, for the purposes of digestion, or, rather, of trituration. They are hardly likely to be derived from the fish which are engulfed, for these are mostly herring.

Glands Used To Restore Hair Growth

Science of Gland Therapy Relieves Baldness—New Treatment Restores Health and Growth.

Baldness in both men and women is now generally ascribed by scientists to defective functioning of endocrine glands. Hair growth is dependent upon the secretions of these glands—these secretions making possible the assimilation of those elements in the blood which are vital to a luxurious growth of hair.



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This discovery may be easily used in the privacy of your own home. Within a few weeks you will notice new, vigorous hair beginning to come in and with this growth you can gradually restore your hair to its former bright, healthy color.

So confident is Dr. Alexander that you can be relieved of the embarrassment of baldness and regain the normal hair growth by this method that he offers to send a regular \$4.00 treatment for only \$2.00 to anyone who will write for it. Use it according to directions, and if at the end of a month you do not find your hair returning with all its former vigor, the treatment does not cost a cent.


SEND NO MONEY—Just your name and address to Alexander Laboratories, 721 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo., or 721 Terminal, Toronto, Canada, and this treatment will be mailed at once in plain wrapper. Try it according to directions and if at the end of a month you are not more than satisfied with results, your money will be refunded at once. A big Kansas City bank guarantees that Dr. Alexander is reliable and holds \$1,000 cash as a guarantee to return your money if you wish.

Don't suffer the embarrassment of baldness—give the treatment a trial on this liberal offer.



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By R.C. Templeton



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"God grant that in the strife and stress
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Or with the laurel swinging near,
Upon the world's red, firing line
The battle of the strong and weak—
The fate of all the Fates be mine—
I will not show the Yellow Streak.

If Fortune play me false or fair—
If, from the shadowlands I creep
Up to the heights and linger there,
Or topple downward to the deep—
On up the rugged path of fame,
Where one man falls—another mounts;
God grant that I play out the game,
For there is nothing else that counts."

As the old cowboy saying goes—"Life ain't in holdin' a good hand, but in playin' a poor hand well."

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